

T/SOR/5/1/5

BAYOU LA ROSE

NUMBER 6

THERE EXISTS
NOTHING CAPABLE
OF DESTROYING THE
BOND OF BOTH BODY
AND MIND, PEACE AND
FREEDOM, HOPE AND
SONGS

KAMALLA

CARLOS 80

PUT KAMALLA IN JAIL
- YOU BE PUTTIN' US ALL IN JAIL

BAYOU LA ROSE 6

Out on the Bayou spells are brewing, and spirits are lifted in undivided hope. You can not send our sister to jail for love of her daughter! The earth pains in this assertion of cruelty. The Bayou mourns and swamp fire burns of fool's desire. The Black Rose extended, for we still have hope, our sister is not yet imprisoned. But our daughter is endangered in a murderer's grasp.

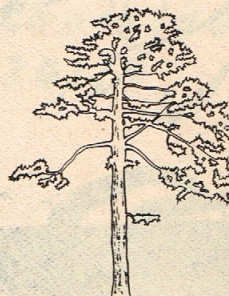
Here we are with number six and again with a new address. Sometimes free spirits tend to be a little footloose. Our new address is at the bottom of the page, and remember BAYOU LA ROSE IS FREE. If you want to be placed on the mailing list, just write and you will get Bayous forever (or as long as Bayous are created, whichever may come first). But we do LOVE donations. Make checks out to Arthur J. Miller.

The next thing i must inform y'all of is not very pleasant but it must be included to clear up much confusion. NOTICE OF COMPLETE DISASSOCIATION of Bayou La Rose and myself with Southern Agitator, David Kronenwetter, and all of his dummy groups, because of irreconcilable differences, both political and personal. i do not believe in airing differences in the movement press, but this notice is to eliminate confusion, and not meant to stir controversy.

The times being as they are, i feel Bayou should come out with its thoughts on the current state of global statest chaos. They're at it again, war, death, domuation, insanity, insanity, insanity, and the question i wonder is: how much will YOU take? The answer to the problems is simple, and it is a solution that we greatly advocate. You cannot have a war without the pawns. If you are in the military, desert, subvert, sabotage war efforts, and do anything else which will render the armies inactive. We must dismantle the war machine. Refuse all orders. This does not just apply to the USA, but to all armies, wherever they may be hiding. In regards to the draft, Bayou advocates complete boycott of registration and of anything connected with it.

Love and Anarchy
Arthur J. Miller

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Special thanks to Clover Hogscald
and Sassafras for past help.



Labor
produces
all wealth



all wealth
must go
to Labor



**New
Address
3525
Gravier St
New Orleans
LA. 70119**



KAMALLA'S

continuing ordeal

by Arthur J. Miller

The State of California will put Kamalla, a working-class anarchist-feminist, on trial sometime in May. The authorities charge Kamalla with "stealing her own child", "burglary", and "non-support". They contend that Kamalla is an evil crazy woman who has no regard for, laws, courts, or judges. They demand that Kamalla be imprisoned for her hideous crimes. The authorities have gone all out to get this anti-social misfit so the world will be safe from her evilness. To this end they are going to put on a spectacular event of Statist domination in the form of a travesty of justice. The court is the State's arena and the so-called defendant has little chance at defense. It is in this atmosFEAR that Kamalla must try to convince a jury of 12 people, selected from a larger group selected by the judge and deputy D.A., to rubber stamp the decision of the police. The State wants to imprison Kamalla for 10 years, her trial will be in a rigged courtroom with all the riches and resources of the State against her. In this courtroom Kamalla will not be able to get her story heard because the State's so-called justice system is fashioned to uphold its authority and its lies. It does not have room for the truth.

We contend that there has been an on-going conspiracy against her and against anybody who seeks the truth about the State and tries to help the victims of its domination. This is not paranoid rambling, but historical fact. The State, in all of its forms, is the domination of the people and the occupation of land by conquering forces, and the exploitation of resources for profit, all of this done for the enrichment and power of an elite few. It is an historical fact that whenever

anyone fights back by exposing the truth, helping the victims, or defending themselves from repression, the State responds with its iron heel. We contend that the State has purposely conspired to take advantage of Kamalla's disputes with her parents. We contend that this was done because she's a working-class anarchist-feminist who is trying to help educate the people and improve their conditions. We contend that by any definition of human rights, hers have been consistently violated for the purpose of suppressing her activities and life style. We contend that the State has either used or overlooked others' use of murder, rape, physical harassment, torture, lies, blackmail, and forcing her lawyer to sell her out, and a number of other dishonest and deceitful practices.

"IN THE BIBLE THEY WOULD HAVE CALLED MY SISTER A SAINT FOR RESCUING VALEENA (ISHKA) FROM THAT LIVING HELL" Loretta Kay Beechler, (Kamalla's sister, who also has kids and is living in fear of the safety and lives of her kids and herself because her parents are trying to do the same to her as they did to Kamalla).

I will presume that those reading this have read about this case previously, so I will not recap the story.

I will begin where Bayou La Rose 5 left off.

Kamalla was extradited back to California by Governor Jerry Brown. (See Kamalla's article on this). She got out on \$10,000 bail. The next important hearing was in Arkansas for custody of Ishka, this was on January 17.

The errville, Arkansas, court was full of people: police, women supporters, social workers, many children supporters, and Kamalla and me. Judge W.Q. Hall was the fascist judge. Four lawyers sat

at the bench: Mr. Brown for the Moores, Mr. Englan for Ishka (the court, in an earlier hearing, had appointed a lawyer, who turned out to be one of the most reactionart people you could ever meet, for Ishka), Matt Horan for Kamalla (he did such a bad job we all wondered who was paying him off), and another for social services. After much argument about official jurisdiction, the judge declared that, since social services had initiated the suit, the basic fight was between social services of Arkansas and the Moores. The final, and significant, witness for social services was Nancy Allbritten, who had handled the case. She testified that Ishka was a normal well-adjusted (under the circumstances) child, with one exception. Ms. Allbritten testified that Ishka had said that "her grandmother had killed her little brother" and "that she had seen her do it." Ms. Allbritten said that, over the preceding seven months, Ishka had consistently refused to speak to the Moores and said that if she had to live with her grandmother, "she would run away."

"I (Ms. Allbritten) have spoken to Mrs. Juanita Moore numerous times over the telephone, and she has always asked to be able to speak with Ishka. Since the first call, Ishka has adamantly refused to talk with her. On only one occasion, after much coaxing, all she would say was a simple "hello" and "goodbye." She then handed the phone to me, ran out of my office and into the visitation room, where she hid behind the door. I have also talked with her on numerous occasions about visiting with her grandmother, should she come to Arkansas. She has consistently stated she didn't want to. One time she started crying, another time she told me she'd run away if her grandmother came to see her. I have always tried to question her as to why she doesn't want to talk, or see her grandmother. She will never elaborate on this, and will usually just be silent until the subject is changed." Ms. Allbritten testified that Ishka and Kamalla loved each other

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very much and that, when they were together for visitation, they were very happy to see each other. Ms. Allbritten asked that Ishka not be returned to her grandparents and that Kamalla have a chance to get Ishka back.

Lorn Clyde, a social worker for California Social Services, had a report which declared the Moores home unfit and which recommended that Ishka not be returned to her grandmothers. Mrs. Clyde was contacted, by telephone, by Nancy Allbritten, during the course of the hearing. Mrs. Clyde stated that "politics" hadn't allowed her to make her recommendations as strong as she thought they should be and that the Moores' home was not an acceptable place for Ishka.

Kamalla was the next witness of note. She testified that she did not want Ishka given to her mother. In explaining her reasons for this, she described the childhoods of her and her sister, the mistreatment they had received and their running away from home on numerous occasions. She told the court that she and her sister had been locked in an apartment for two years so that the State of California would not find out where they were. Had the State found out the Moores would have been forced to pay \$2,000 owed the State in payment for their daughters' intermittent stays with the State. The lawyers and the judge were anxious about Kamalla's anti-politics. She did not feel that it had anything to do with child-rearing but answered the questions anyway. In response to direct questions she testified: yes, she is an Anarchist and she wanted that associated with earth-healer. No, she does not believe in disciplining Ishka but believed instead in teaching Ishka good judgment. No, she does not believe in the U.S. government. No, she does not believe in Governor Jerry Brown's government. Yes, she does belong to the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW). No, the IWW is not a communist organization but rather a union, controlled by the rank and file workers, dedicated to the

betterment of the working class. Kamalla was also questioned about her religious beliefs and her co-editorship of Bayou La Rose.

The next witness of note was Mrs. Moore. She testified that she had been a good mother and that she had had no problems with Kamalla until Kamalla's marriage to me. She testified that she had been very proud when Ishka had won junior beauty pageants and when Ishka was given the key to the city of Long Beach for winning some sex exploitation beauty contest. (Kamalla and I had been hurried when we learned that Mrs. Moore had been exploiting Ishka in this way.)

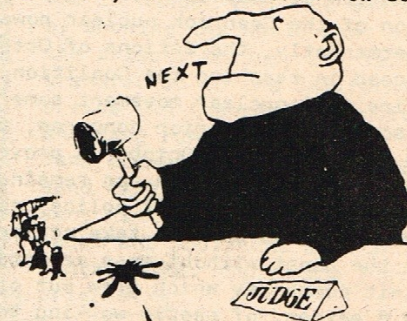
I was the last witness, and I was questioned exclusively about my anti-politics. Some of the questions and responses included: Are you an Anarchist? Yes. May I explain what I mean by that? Anarchism is the belief in a non-violent society based on mutual aid and cooperation which would feed the people and heal the wounds of the earth caused by governments wars, ecological destruction, nuclear power, exploitation, starvation, and poverty. Governments have brought us down the path of annihilation and anarchism is the hope of saving the world before it is too late. Do you believe in the U.S. constitution? I believe in no laws. How long have you been an Anarchist? Over ten years. What publication do you write for? Bayou La Rose. Do you want your daughter raised by an anarchist mother? Yes.

Then came time for the lawyers to give their final statements. First, Matt Horan gave a very dumb argument which was only that Ishka should be in a stable home. Next, the Social Service lawyer asked that Ishka be kept in Arkansas pending further investigations. Next, Ishka's lawyer denounced Kamalla and I for being anarchist and said that we had no business even being in the courtroom. "they should be taken out and tied to a whipping post and whipped. He said that Ishka should not be returned to California but should be adopted out. Lastly, the Moores' lawyer said

that the judge should honor the original court ruling in California.

The judge started his ruling by saying he had no use for Kamalla and I because we are anarchist. Then, he went into a long denunciation of anarchism. After that he ruled that Ishka was to be returned to the Moores. He did not, at any moment, show any concern for Ishka. He also had the sheriff hassle the support people about their kids, who are all enrolled in a free school.

Kamalla is a non-violent anarchist, a working class earth-healer who has her back against the wall and needs help. Many groups have helped in many ways. These groups include: Industrial Workers of the World, Movement for a New Society,



Minneapolis Women against Violence against Women, North American Anarchist-Communist Federation, Social Revolutionary Anarchist Federation, Fellowship Commission, H.A.P.O.T.O.C. Some of the papers which have run supportive articles: Bayou La Rose, The Grapevine, Peacemaker, Ozark Feminist, SRA Federation bulletin, Grassroots, Industrial Worker, New York IWW Newsletter, Broken Barriers, Black Rose, New Indicator, North American Anarchist, Flash Point, Riverat Reporter, Aideia from Portugal, The Wine, Autonomia, De Vrye Socialist from Holland, The Torch, Off our Backs, Freedom from England, Black Flag from Scotland, Communities, and Win.

Here's what we need. People to write letters to; Bob Molko, District Attorney's office, Orange County, Courthouse, Santa Ana, Ca 92701, and to Governor Jerry Brown, State Capitol, Sacramento, Ca 95814. Also we are in need of money.

Kamalla continued to page 54

Seabrook May 24, 1980

Occupation

Non-violent

Direct Action

Blockade

A CALL FOR A MASSIVE NON-VIOLENT DIRECT ACTION OCCUPATION AND BLOCKADE AT SEABROOK BEGINNING MAY 24, 1980.

Although the Coalition for Direct Action at Seabrook did not stop construction of the Seabrook nuclear power plant permanently, the actions of October 6 did succeed in teaching the Coalition and the entire anti-nuclear movement some powerful lessons. Despite prior concerns, the actions at Seabrook on October 6 proved that anti-nuclear direct action can remain non-violent even in the face of police repression. We were also able to take action against the plant without mass arrests. The close-knit community which grew out of the October 6 action, of people working together supporting and protecting each other, not only proved that collective direct action is possible, but also pointed to the fact that it can be a viable means to stopping the construction of the Seabrook plant.

Continuing in its efforts of resistance to nuclear power, the Coalition for Direct Action at Seabrook has now reached agreement upon the date and the an outline of the nature of its Spring Direct Action. After over a month of evaluation and discussion of the Occupation attempt of October 6, the Coalition has agreed to a call for a Massive Non-Violent Direct Action Occupation and Blockade at Seabrook beginning May 24, 1980.

The following is the agreement on the nature of our spring action, reached at the CDAS meeting at Hanover, N.H. on Nov. 18th (agreement about the date for the action was reached at the CDAS meeting in Providence, R.I. on Dec. 2nd).

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1. We agree to a non-violent Occupation of the Seabrook nuclear plant beginning May 24, 1980. The Occupation would be similar to the October 6 action including: A. Fence take-down. B. Resisting arrest. C. No negotiations with the authorities. D. Affinity Group Preparation. except that our tactics will have advanced, through evaluation and task group work, as should our level of organization and numbers of participants.
2. There will also be a direct action Blockade, which means we will not allow any vehicles or persons in or out of the plant unless they are ambulances or our own people. Specifics of the blockade will be worked out by task groups. Individuals or groups who feel that they could not participate in the Occupation but wanted to aid it could participate in the Blockade.
3. Both the Occupation and Blockade will attempt to halt construction by our physical intervention.
4. This agreement does not eliminate the campaign concept or other actions or activities which are not specifically part of the Occupation/Blockade. However, proposals for other actions and activities should have the specific purpose of aiding the Occupation/Blockade. Also, this agreement does not eliminate other actions or activities that we may wish to conduct before May 24.
5. We extend our invitation to all anti-nuclear groups who agree with this plan to work on it to make it a success.



Seabrook continued

To insure greater success this spring, we will need the support and the active participation of large numbers of people who agree with this plan of action. For this reason, we are asking that your organization decide on whether it would like to be listed as an endorsing (expression of solidarity) organization, or if it would like to sponsor the action, as a member of the Coalition for Direct Action (commitment to plan and participate in the action). We are asking all interested organizations to contact us soon in order that we may be prepared for the work of the coming months. If your organization is interested, or if you want help in establishing an organizing committee in your area (or if you would like to be put in contact with a Coalition member in your area), please contact the Coalition in one of the following regions: c/o Greater Newburyport Clamshell, Seabrook Local Alliance, Box 1515, Seabrook, New Hampshire 03874, c/o Boston Clamshell Coalition, 595 Mass. Ave, Cambridge, Mass. 02139 phone (617) 661-6204, c/o Rhode Island Clamshell, Box 1930, Providence, Rhode Island 02912 phone (401) 863-2860, c/o Long Island Clamshell, Box 340, E. Setauket, Ny 11733 phone (516) 751-5605. SEE YOU ON THE SITE!!

On November 13, 1979 Carl was returned to the Washington State Pen and placed back in the intensive security unit, pending a number of legal actions in state and Federal courts. The danger from guards at the prison has passed because many of the guards involved in the July 1979 brutality incident were fired, and much attention on the prison has forced the state to make changes. The prison officials still wish to transfer Carl back to San Quentin, at the first opportunity, for protection they claim!!! There is no reason except revenge and they want to silence Carl Harp for his work in prison for himself and all prisoners and we MUST STOP THIS TRANSFER!! A transfer is a death sentence for Carl Harp!

Please help save Carl Harp by writing letters of protest demanding NO TRANSFER, and to keep Carl in the Washington State pen, where he can do his legal

Stop the transfer of CARL HARP

On July 8, 1979 in the Washington State Penitentiary's intensive security unit (a behavior modification unit) Carl Harp stood up and demanded that guards cease the beating of 5 other prisoners who were handcuffed to their cell bars. For this Carl was brutally beaten by the guards, and that's not all - they raped him with their riot batons!!!

After Carl spent a week in an outside hospital and passed a lie detector test, the prison officials claimed his life was in danger from the guards he exposed by showing the world what happened in the prison. On July 21, 1979 he was transferred to the California State Prison San Quentin, the most racist and gang run prison in the USA. It became clear that the officials didn't send Carl there for protection, they sent him there to be killed for his legal and political work in prison and around human rights and justice in prisons.



work. Send letters to; Governor Dixie Lee Ray, Governor of Washington State, Olympia, WA 98504. Mr. Robert Tropp, Director of Corrections, Dept. of Social & Health Services, Olympia, WA 98504. Or to Carl Harp 126516, Box 520, Walla Walla, Wa 99362.

From the Newsletter of H.A.P.O.T.O.C.



Back to California

i am
Kamalla

It was hard truckin' up to the sheriff's office, knowing that there were two investigators waiting there to extradite me. Thoughts of my daughter, the mountains, and the people who have become my family with me intensley. i brought a back pack, sleeping bag and guitar to take with me. One investigator confronted me and my friend who had driven me to the sheriff's office and told us that i was allowed to bring only one change of clothing, nothing else. i told the man i needed my work clothes for California so i could get employment, once released on bail. i am poor and do not have dollars to survive on while i'm away from home. This was not his concern, he told me in his heartless way. "My guitar--you can't, you wouldn't deprive me of the only pleasure i have left, away from daughter, the mountains, my people." "No guitar." "No strings at all, 'eh?" "No strings." and that was final.

It was as hard for my friend as it was for me to cooperate after that, and she comforted me as i cried out what had been building up the past couple of weeks. i knew i was again in the hands of the unfeeling, the uncompassionate, the plastic people of another world i had escaped from in the dark waves of my painful past.

i was ill, had been nursing a bad virus for a month and a half already. i tried to convince them i was too sick to be extradited, but they would not listen.

Before entering the car they had rented to drive us to the train station in Kansas City, i had the opportunity to show them the sky. (Here in Plasticville, California, the pollution is so thick and heavy one does not get a real look at what the sky is supposed to be like.) Together we looked

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at the sky so blue, patterned with the beauty of moving snow clouds, a lump came to my throat as i blinked back tears. "Look at that REAL dirt!" i said bluntly, directing with calloused hands down to the earth, "Where you come from, people cover up the earth with cement and put ugly things on top of it." i spotted a wild carrot and went over and pulled it up. "Look at that REAL food," i said as i held it before them. From then on, it was understood where i was coming from and i did all i could to make them feel guilty about taking me from my home and all that is dear to me. But, as i said, i was now in the hands of people who have been raised to suppress any sign of their animalhood; somehow this is supposed to make them superior, better than the babies. If one is no longer capable of loving the earth and life, then one is also incapable of feeling guilt.

Once in California, i refused to go along with any more of their silly ideas. i did not resist them, yet i did not cooperate, and went limp. i was carried off to a cell with no bed and no blanket. i was sick and i was cold. i asked for a blanket and was denied. Angry over their cruelty, i flooded the cell with water, thinking it would leak out into the hallway, thus having them stuck with the chore of mopping it up. Not so in this cell; instead of seeping out, it just filled up my cell. It was about three inches deep before they cut off the water. And this is where they left me until the afternoon of the following day, when i spoke with my attorney. i was wet and shivering when i saw her, and i told her

Calif. continued to page 10



i
am
Kamalla

Hitchin' back

to the Ozarks

(nifty points for
women hitch-
hikers).



We made it to our first truck stop, Feat Feather and i. Two truckers picked us up and it was an insane ride out of the L.A. area, the truckers all doing their red-neck numbers on a 4 lane freeway, draggin' their precious diesels with one another, black smoke ejecting heavily out from the exhaust pipes, and me, riding through it all with my bandana tied securely up over my nose. The trucker driving noticed me that way and asked, "what? Was i playing bandit?" i informed him i was not but rather was not accustomed to the fumes and was merely trying to protect my lungs from the pollution.

They were making a run to Misiouri and we thought we had a ride almost home. Later one tried to proposition me in the back of the sleeper and i asked him if the ride depended on it, he said "no", and i sighed with a nice long, "goood!" Right after this Feather got the garlic out and we each had a piece. One questioned what we were cooking and we informed him t'was only garlic. "all by itself?" He questioned. "Keeps the wolves away", Feather told him.

We rode for about another hour with them until we were over the California border and just into Arizonia. We had talked of the nukes during this time and confessed that we were scared to death of them, they kill babies and other living things, right? It was there, right inside of Arizonia that just at dusk when they dropped us off at a very small truck stop where (we later found) a nuclear power plant was under construction.

Besides a nuke being built there it was a very bad spot, not much trafic and gettin' mighty cold. Later on in the evening i heard a scream from across the road and saw a man trying to force a woman into a car.

"Look, Feather", before anything else was said we deserted our bed roll and bags and rushed to the women's rescue, We stuck our noses between the two skuffeling and asked if there was any thing wrong. The man told us to get out of it, it wasn't any of our bissiness. The woman was bleeding from the mouth and hand and i told him if he was beating this women and trying to force her into a car than it surely was my bissiness.

"She's my wife", he stated. "Oh, well, than, if she's your wife you have a liceans that gives you the legal right to kill her if you want, is that it?" Feather questioned. Talk did not seem to be changing this guys attitude and he continued to try and force the woman into the car. He was a big man and Feather and i alone could not stop this insane man so Feather took off to a near by gas station and asked for help. No one there wanted to get involved and about the time he returned the woman's boss (she worked at this bar/cafe we were in front of) was out trying to convince her she should get in the car, go home, and sleep it off. i was telling her not to dare get in that car with that man, he had already beat blood out of her, if he got her home he might even kill her. Feather and i were able to talk to her boss and conviance him it was not in the women's best interest to get in the car at this point. After listening to us he suggested to the man that maybe he'd better go home witout her tonight. By this time the man was tired of struggling with his wife and must have realized he wasn't getting anywhere in his efforts. Outraged at his own failure he threw the woman

Calif. continued from page 8
why. She said she would see what she could do to get me in a dry cell with bed and blanket. Eighteen hours later i was issued a bed and blanket. By this time i had what i believe was pneumonia. They kept me in medical isolation for six days, although i was denied medical treatment. During this period i refused both food and water. Then i was released to P.C. (protective custody), which is a dorm for inmate informers and is known as "the rat tank". i was later informed that the deputies had put a contract out on me with the trusties, who are just privileged rats, who are paid off with tobacco and candy. It was not on the records that i was in protective custody; therefore, i was released with the population during our wait in the holding tanks in the court house before we went to court. When inmates discovered i was P.C., they called for the deputy to "get the rat out", but as it was not recorded that P.C. was my housing, she left me in there for further harassment. The first two times i went to court, i made friends with the other inmates, and we discussed my case before they found out i was being held in P.C.; thus there was no problem. The third time was not so comfortable, with a trustee in

there with me. i refused to show my fright when they started getting rough, and my passiveness prevented anything serious from happening.

i broke my water fast on the sixth day and my food fast on the twelfth through a lot of encouragement from fellow inmates who were concerned because i was very sick and so weak i could not get out of bed. i knew i had to get some strength for the struggle ahead, and if i did not eat, i would not be able to walk out on my own upon my release.

Eight days after i began eating, the \$10,000.00 bail money finally arrived and i was set free. Since then, it has been extremely difficult to find a place to stay. It's not like Arkansas, where i found i could go to a strange place, be welcomed with open arms, have a house and food provided, and all with positive attitudes--so much warmth and love right away from people who didn't even know me was overwhelming. California is different. If i am to stay here i must find a place somewhere up in the mountains, away from all this cement, hustle and bustle, and constant noise of city traffic.

Still fanning the flames of
discontentment,
i am Kamalla

Ozarks continued
towards Feather & me, and left by himself. We stayed with the women until she had herself together enough to wander off alone. We urged her not to return to this man before she left. She said she didn't know what to do and all Feather and i could tell her was that we were going back to Arkansas and she was welcome to join us, there are women there that will be glad to help her in any way they can. She wasn't into that, and there wasn't anything else we could do for her. We did not get a ride out of there till 8:00 the following morning, all night we kept looking over our shoulders for the wife beaters return. It would not have suprized us if he'd come back for us with a gun. Fortunately that did not occur

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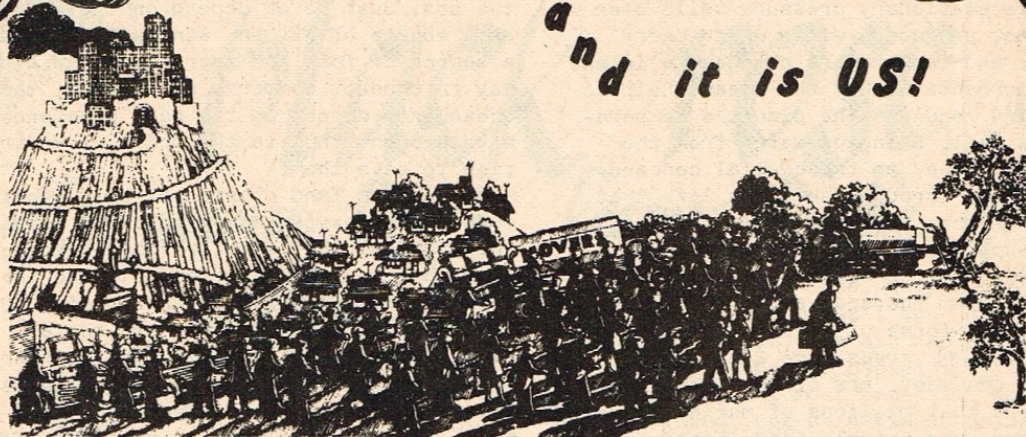
We agreed between ourselves after getting stuck there that we would not accept a ride with another trucker until it was clear that all we wanted was a ride and we weren't into putting anything out just to get it. Thereafter when an 18 wheeler pulled over to the side of the road one of us would go up to the driver and yell up something to the effect, "we're not puttin' out, can we still ride?" Some would wave and drive on, others would accept that and let us aboard.

We discovered it alot easier to be honest and open in the begining than to have to go through any number we weren't into after we were already passangers. The garlic helped amaizingly in obtaining a friend distance throughout our travels as well.

i am Kamalla

We have met
the ENEMY

and it is US!



Oceans, plants, animals, the air - all are undergoing such rapid changes that data is nearly obsolete by the time it is published. Yet all the evidence points to one incontrovertible fact: the planet Earth cannot tolerate this accelerated rate of change for more than a few decades.

For generations, technological society has progressed under the assumption that nature is a force to be overcome. We have very nearly accomplished that goal without giving much thought to the fact that by treating nature as an enemy we are working against ourselves as well. For we are, after all, a *product* of the planet's environment, of nature. We are not gods. We are not Earth's most intelligent species - even a flea knows how to live off its host organism without killing! Yet here we stand telling ourselves we are superior beings, while we saturate our air and water and food with poisonous products of our own technology.

We have brought ourselves to the brink of disaster with our "intellect" and our "civilization." Our only hope for salvation is that we can channel our minds and our energies into helping the planet - our "host organism" - return to its own regenerative process; not to the way we would like it to function, but to the way it has evolved

to function. What the planet needs now, what we need now, is not more technology but a new ethic: an ethic for survival, for the planet's as well as our own.

TROUBLED WATERS

Life originated in the ocean, and some of the most intelligent mammals - whales and dolphins - have returned there. Unfortunately, their survival and ultimately our own is being threatened by non-intelligent use and abuse of the oceans.

Covering 70.8 percent of the earth's surface, the oceans were once thought of as a limitless reserve of food, energy and water. Now they are fast becoming the earth's largest cesspool. According to Jacques Cousteau, "Each month we pour so many millions of tons of poisonous waste into the living sea that, in perhaps 20 years, perhaps sooner, the oceans will have received their mortal wounds and will start to die" Twenty years. Not much time when you consider that 665,000 square miles of the Atlantic are now covered with floating oil, tar, and plastic, or when you discover that of the 2.5 million tons of oil released into the sea each year by ships, only 10 percent of it is released accidentally. But we do not have to wait for the oceans to be covered with plastic and oil

to find out how important they are to all forms of life on earth: The sun's energy hits the ocean's surface, causing evaporation. As the vapor rises, it hits cooler air in the atmosphere, forming condensation which returns to the earth in the form of rain or snow. The inter-relationship of the sun's energy with the water also serves to create stationary pressure cells over the ocean, producing winds which carry moisture and temperature changes to inland areas. Currents within the oceans help to modify and regulate the planet's temperatures as well, bringing water from the equatorial zones to the crucial concern today. It is through the plant life that flourishes here that two-thirds of our oxygen supply is produced. polar zone, and vice versa. This process we call "weather" is a gift from the sea, a gift which is vital to all forms of life on the plant.

The wetlands areas, the areas where land and sea meet, are of the most vital. It is here that millions of marine animals, birds, and land animals feed, breed and raise their young. And it is here that the critical process of filtering and redistributing land wastes takes place. Rachel Carson in *THE SEA AROUND US* described the process in this way: "The continents themselves dissolve and pass to the sea, in grain after grain of eroded land. So the rains that rose from it return again in rivers. In its mysterious past it encompasses all the dim origins of life and receives in the end...the dead husks of the same life. For all at last return to the sea - to Oceanus, the ocean river, like the ever-flowing stream of time, the beginning and the end."

Pollution and destruction of coastal wetlands is occurring at an astounding rate. On the Gulf Coast of Louisiana, oyster yields have decreased 10-fold in thirty years -- shrimp 9-fold. Land there is being lost at a rate of 16.5 square miles per year. Cousteau estimates that today the population of commercially valuable fish is less than ten percent of what it was at the turn of the century. And many respected scientists conclude that the Mediterranean is already a dead sea - it cannot recover from the lethal doses of chemicals, bacteria and just plain garbage injected into its

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life system.

So the greatest danger to humanity, and all other forms of life, is not the sudden drama of nuclear holocaust, but instead simply the continued introduction of pesticides, plastics, sewage, radioactive materials and industrial wastes into our environment which ultimately accumulate in the sea. Just as we depend on the oceans as a source of oxygen, wind and rain, as a source of food and recreation, as a pathway to connect commerce of nations, the oceans now depend on the very creatures who have brought them to the brink of destruction to save them.

Marine and land plants not only provide most of the oxygen which sustains life on this planet, they also provide breeding and nesting sites for fish, animals and insects, food for larger species, and erosion control for the soil in which they are rooted. Plants also serve to modify the weather - trees and bushes act as a buffer against the winds and control evaporation. For humans, plants are almost as necessary for emotional stability as they are for physical well-being. As a food source, plants are the foundation of all animal life. Even those species which are considered to be strictly carnivorous depend on plants to feed their prey. But because of pollution and habitat destruction, at least 20,000 plant species are already threatened.

Although all plant functions are crucial to human existence, our primary concern today is that of plants as a food source. With half the world's population undernourished, and nearly all of the arable land already under cultivation, it is apparent that the present food shortage will not end within the foreseeable future. What is not quite so clear to see is that by making some simple, non-dramatic changes in the lifestyles of the over-consuming 10 percent of the world's population, the lives of millions of starving people could be saved. Harvard nutritionist Dr. Jean Mayer says that Americans could feed millions of extra people simply by limiting themselves to just one drink at parties. Most alcohol is made from grain and, Mayer says, Americans consumed enough beer and cocktails last year to feed 40 million people.

While there are, as Dr. Mayer and others suggest, many simple positive steps that can be taken to ease the crisis in agricultural production and distribution, we must be critically aware that we cannot turn the planet into a giant food factory for the salvation of humanity. Although this concept is still being strongly advocated by many "experts," the fact is that an ecological system based on intensive cultivation of a few chosen plants and animal species is doomed from the very beginning. For our survival depends on the stability of the eco-system, and the more diverse and complex the eco-system the more stable it is. That is, the more species there are and the more they inter-relate, the more stable is their environment.

For example, consider a tropical rain forest: it supports an almost infinite variety of insect and animal life, yet it is never devastated by them; its luxuriant growth, if undisturbed, continues year after year, century after century, without "benefit" of fertilizers, herbicides, fungicides, or insecticides. Now look at the Great Plains of the United States, once considered "the bread basket of the world": plant life there has been confined to a few major food crops, namely corn and wheat. Other forms of plant and animal life which would have helped to feed and control insect populations have been destroyed, so farmers must now rely on chemical pesticides to prevent the insects from ravaging their crops. In doing this, thought, more problems have been created - at least 250 "pest" species are now resistant to one or more groups of pesticides, many others require increased applications, and many formerly innocuous species have become pests because their predators have been destroyed. From 1951 to 1966, a 34 percent increase in world food production required increased investments in pesticides of 300 percent!

"They paved paradise and put up a parking lot"
-Joni Mitchell

Every six months, in the U.S. alone, an area the size of the state of Rhode Island is covered with new construction. Concrete supports no animal or plant life; it releases no oxygen or carbon dioxide into the

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atmosphere; it does not absorb moisture; it does not decompose so that it might be useful to some other form of life. It just sits there.

It is apparent, then, that we can no longer continue to simplify our agricultural system to suit human needs. For although this may help to overcome some immediate problems, it will force the system into some other, unpredictable compensating pattern. Fortunately, the ecological sciences, as relatively new as they are, have discovered many "laws" which govern the stability of the eco-system. If we allow these "laws" or principles of the earth's own life cycles to guide us in planning the future, the likelihood of having a future is greatly enhanced.

Just as animals are dependent on plants for their existence, plants could not survive in the absence of animal life. From the lowly earthworm to the magnificent whale, all animals excrete a variety of organic waste materials which fertilize and nourish plant growth. By virtue of their mobility, animals play a critical part in both pollination and thinning of many plant species - they propagate and destroy, and in doing so, serve to regenerate many of nature's complex cycles.

But once again, just as we have done in the plant world, the human species is more concerned with preserving those animals which we find useful than with preserving the entire system upon which all forms of life depend.

And many of those animals we once considered useful have been exploited to the point that they are now commercially extinct - especially sea creatures such as whales, herring, sardines, anchovies, and New England haddock. It appears that any animal that cannot be domesticated by humans is considered either a pest or an edible delicacy, and as such they are almost surely doomed to extinction. For those animals considered neither beneficial or harmful to humans, the fate is not much better: their natural habitat is being cleared for "civilization", their air, water, and food is being poisoned with our garbage.

Of the food produced by animals we have been able to domesticate, the question must

now be asked, "Do the benefits equal the cost?" In this society, animals are very rarely used for transportation or in the cultivation or harvesting of crops. So what we have left are "pleasure" animals (pets - in the U.S. alone, 6 billion pounds of food is consumed annually by 110 million dogs and cats!) or food animals.

As for the gains from "cultivated" animals, or livestock, Frances Moore Lappe in *Diet for a Small Planet* says, "Now let us put ... two factors together: the large quantities of humanly edible protein being fed to animals, and their inefficient conversion into protein for human consumption. Some very startling statistics result. If we exclude dairy cows, the average ratio for protein conversion by livestock in North America is 10 to 1. Applying this ratio to the 20 million tons of protein fed to livestock in 1968 in the U.S., we realize that only 10 percent (or 2 million tons) was retrieved as protein for human consumption. Thus, in a single year through this consumption pattern, 18 million tons of protein becomes inaccessible to humans (sic). This amount is equivalent to 90 percent of the yearly protein deficit - enough protein to provide 12 grams a day for every person in the world!" And at the same time, the U.S. Department of Agriculture conservatively estimates that the average American eats from 10 to 12 percent more protein than can be used by the body, while general nutrition in this country is worse than it was at the close of World War II.

Our fetish for grain-fed meat is not only depriving other human beings of relief from famine, but because grain causes high fat content in the animals it also produces high cholesterol levels in those who eat the meat. Thus, we are now faced with many serious cholesterol-related problems of the heart and vascular system in meat-consuming humans.

Also, because of the massive amounts of chemicals used in the production of grain with which to feed these meat-producing animals, we are destroying many insect and bird species upon which the crops depend for pollination. In the last ten years the world's honey bee population has dropped 10 percent; in the U.S. the drop has been

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20 percent. Bees are absolutely essential to the production of an estimated 200 food crops - in Germany, the bee shortage has already resulted in a 41 percent decline in the apple harvest. The increased number of pesticides in the environment, scientists say, is the direct cause of the decline in the bee population.

So, once again we can see that by attempting to control forms of life on this planet for short-term gains, the ultimate result is that the planet will compensate against us. If we continue this war against nature, we will lose in a matter of decades. We will have exchanged "the good life" for no life at all.

Perhaps the environmental impact of humanity can be more dramatically presented if we first take a look at an extremely condensed version of Earth's history, as proposed by Lawrence Rocks and Richard P. Runyon in *The Energy Crisis*:

By reducing 4.5 billion years of Earth's history to a time span of a single year, this is what they found:

"Creation" occurred on January 1. By February a crust had solidified on earth, and the gasses in the atmosphere formed amino acids which, while in the gas phase, combined to form proteins. For the next two months the oceans were formed, and the proteins, in contact with liquid water formed cell-like structures. During the next seven months (3 billion years) life evolved from the proto-cell to the first marine animals. It was then that the first example of life changing its environment occurred - carbon dioxide was produced by the fermentation of the remains of early animals. Toward the latter half of this period, plants evolved that could use the carbon dioxide in photosynthesis. In turn, the plants released oxygen, thereby establishing an environment in which oxygen-breathing animals could evolve - the second environmental change wrought by life. By November (600 million years ago) the first marine life appeared, and by December 1 (300 million years ago) the planet was evolving "rapidly": the great coal and oil deposits were forming, and plant life proliferated in an atmosphere five times richer in carbon dioxide than it is today. The first mammals appeared within thirteen days of midnight, December

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Self - Managment - A.C.F.

LABOR PRODUCES ALL WEALTH

The major portion of our lives is spent at work. But the time spent at work isn't our own. We work producing for the capitalist in the so called 'free world' and producing for the state in the so called 'communist world'. Our labor is not our own but controlled by a select few, the dominant class, who live off the profits squeezed from our toil. But it's our very toil, our minds and bodies, the labor of generations of workers, that has created the material abundance and the advanced technology of today's society.

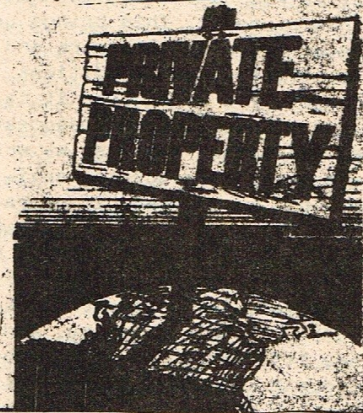
We as workers, the producers of wealth, have no control over our lives at work or in society at large. The work place is administered not by workers but by bosses, owners, and governments. This is an absurdity. Why should the few who contribute nothing in the form of work be permitted to have any control over the organization or decision-making processes of the work place?

The only sensible way of running a society is through workers' self-management. Self-management is the realization of our direct control over the entire production process. It replaces the authoritarian top down decision-making structure with one that operates from the bottom up with the source of power at the local base. The authority of hierarchy is replaced by the natural authority of knowhow. The practice of ruling is replaced by the practice of free agreement and voluntary cooperation. Our own organizations based upon real working relationships are perfectly capable of meeting the needs of a complex industrial society. Not only are they capable, but through voluntary association and federation at all levels, producers' and consumers' collectives can manage society far more sanely and humanely than the bosses and rulers of today's production-line-junk-goods society.

We are told that we are free to choose whether to work or not and for whom we work. But how free is this choice, in fact? The choice is between work and starvation, for

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without work we earn no wages. We are, therefore, slaves to our wages. We can bargain for more wages or more time off but to no avail because it is done according to the bosses' plans. The bosses demand a profit. If they pay us more, they will force us to pay more as consumers. And we are all



consumers. This earn now, pay later scheme is insanity. What right have they to withhold from us the very goods which we workers produce day in and day out?

SLAVES TO PROFIT

The production of goods and services is based upon profit. As a result time, energy, and valuable resources are wasted and misdirected. Most of us have to scrape to meet even our most basic needs while we have been working to keep big business in profits. We, the working people, have no say in the entire process. It's time we started producing for human needs rather than for profits. We are all aware of what could be done if this were the case. Why not shift the gears of production to create a better life for one another instead of filling someone's coffer with coins? We are certainly capable of determining our own needs and making the necessary arrangements to satisfy those needs provided that we have free access to the necessary resources.

We have no control over the society and its technology, which we produce, and are bound by decisions made behind the closed doors of corporate boardrooms and government offices. Just think of how many of us are employed at jobs we don't like, producing some ridiculous pieces of unwanted junk which the capitalist must then convince people to use. So the true producers of wealth, who are ultimately its consumers, have no say whatsoever about what kind of goods and services are best for our own needs.

Not only must we all have a say in what we do, but in how we do it. This brings us to the question of who organizes work and makes decisions affecting the conditions under which we work. The world over it is the managers, the planners, the bureaucrats, the supervisors who decide how fast we work as well as how bearable our working environment is. But only we are capable of rationally managing the work we do. Those who do a task know best how to do it. And we do know what we are doing. The carpenter knows how to swing a hammer. The toolmaker worker knows how to keep the trains running. And so on and so on. It's ludicrous, the number of bosses that don't know what the hell the workers are actually doing. 'Ah', they say, 'but we coordinate the whole show so you don't work in opposite directions'. And how many times have we listened in utter disbelief to those directives from above knowing full well that they're running a job straight into a brick wall? And think of how much better a job could be done without a boss' interference. The natural communication between workers on a job could be expanded to overcome the division of labor fostered for so called 'efficiency'. In cooperation with fellow workers, from laborer to technician, any job, no matter how complex, can be done far more rationally than under the

pressure of the capitalist time clock.

Even now, as controlled as we are by the hierarchical command chain at the work place, the tendency towards cooperation and the seeds of self-management exists. We depend upon the cooperation of fellow workers to get the job done in spite of arbitrary rulers and decisions. If this wasn't the case we'd have piles of paperwork and pieces that didn't fit, and nobody would even be able to get a pair of shoes.

BORING JOBS CAN BE ELIMINATED

Daily we combat this control over our lives. With our fellow workers we time and time again protest our slavery. We make it clear that we don't want to work for them. We slow the job down, we sabotage it, we work four of their eight hours and fake the rest. We demand more money, less work, and better conditions. And they hem and haw and the union hems and haws. And we get an extra crumb, an extra five minutes, a machine that's safe once in a while. But we could have so much more. All jobs can be made safe. Stupid boring jobs can be eliminated so we could be off doing something useful and interesting. All wealth could be ours to share. Many jobs that today are cruel and miserable could actually become a pleasure when based upon the voluntary cooperation and mutual interests of those directly involved. But we need more than that scattered resistance, more than just sidestepping their game. We need a new system all together. Let's throw off the yoke. Through self-management we can gain control over our lives. Through our own organizations we can directly manage the economy, eliminate the order-givers, and work toward a freer society. —

Self-management depends upon organizations built from below. All ultimate power must be at the workplace, on the shop floor, in the office, in the fields, in the neighborhoods. Local decisions affecting the workplace can



be made in assembly of all the workers involved. The exact form of the organization is entirely up to us, the workers, whether it be a factory committee, a collective, a co-operative, or some form of free union.

From the management of a single workplace we can extend our organizations to administer an entire economy through federation with other autonomous workers' associations. Through federation we create a network of resources and information. This flow of information would be far more sensible and reflect the wants and needs of various groups far more accurate than the sham marketplace of supply and demand and than the surreal production targets of a planned economy. Local federations can further federate regionally, nationally, and internationally to form an entire web of free association to accurately reflect the interdependence of human society. Resources and knowledge can flow freely among the people who directly control the process through their own representatives always under scrutiny and subject to immediate recall. We must begin by forming these organizations where we work.

The name of self-management is not foreign to the bosses and bureaucrats. They have been eager to use catch phrases and programs to take the wind out of any movement for true self-management. They offer us 'worker participation plans', 'joint ownership', 'workers' control' and 'industrial democracy'. It's the old partnership-in-production routine. And even these capitalist and state-backed plans show amazing results. Production and profits usually soar. 'A happy worker is a good worker, as long as he works for us and we have the last word. Under these schemes we get to vote on what what kind of coffee we get from the machine. We can even run the assembly line sideways if we want to and vote on who's to be straw boss for the day. The real decisions concerning what, where, and how, are still made above our heads. Try telling the plastic maker you'd rather make steel. Or better yet, try telling them they shouldn't be making a profit. These so called workers' democracy schemes have failed all over the world, East and West. When we start demanding real control, real freedom, it becomes crystal clear who's really calling the shots — the commissars in Yugoslavia, the ministers and

bankers in England, the managers and corporate vice-presidents in North America.

SELF-MANAGEMENT CAN WORK

True workers self-management is not a dream. It has been done before and we can do it again. In recent history, the most comprehensive attempt to establish self-management and make it work was made during the 1930s in Spain. In the midst of tumultuous civil war and revolution, workers controlled vast regions encompassing a population that numbered in the millions. Workers in large industrial cities worked in cooperation with laborers and farmers in small villages. Through their labor organizations they were able to effectively manage an entire economy. Whole industries were collectivized by the workers in those industries. The countryside became a web of interdependent cooperating rural collectives. Local and industrial autonomy was maintained and work was coordinated through federation. Workers' federations took on all the functions that formerly had been carried out by capitalist management and municipal government. The capitalist spirit of robbery was replaced with the spirit of mutual aid. The Spanish experiment lasted only a few brief years before fascist guns crushed the people's freedom. The attempt at complete



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HAPOTOC

Banish and Outlaw Torture: A Plea to Humankind

A frightful demon stalks the Earth, it is the hideous spectre of torture. In recent years it has left the imprints of its cloven hooves in many places - in Europe, Asia, Africa and the Americas. And wherever its evil presence has blotched our planet's face the shrieks of tortured human beings have filled that hapless land.

Torture has always been with the human race. But in our times it has adopted new and more horrible forms far uglier than those which were the scourge of humankind in the past. For today not alone is torture more widespread than ever but it is also of the scientific kind - a monstrous creation of perverted science.

The human instruments of the Inquisition who were employed to create a hell on earth for their unfortunate victims were amateurish when compared with the practitioners of torture in our times who are armed with the most sophisticated techniques for causing the utmost pain and suffering which the body and mind of a human can experience. Possessing every relevant fact which medical science has garnered about our muscles and nerve endings and about means of keeping

us conscious while our pain receptors are rendered more sensitive, these dehumanized beings proceed coldbloodedly to cause a fellow man or woman to writhe and scream as they fill their souls with torments and agonies indescribable in words.

Torture - the deliberate infliction of pain upon human beings - is the most heinous crime known to humanity. And with only minor exceptions it has always been the prerogative of both secular and ecclesiastical tyrants prepared to use every means to destroy any real or imaginary threat to their power and domination. During the dark years of the Inquisition the tortured were those brave souls who dared espouse a version of Christianity which differed from the kind sponsored by established authority. Today the victim is usually the political heretic who asserts an independence of mind and spirit in opposition to the narrow and oppressive conventions determined by tyrannical regimes incapable of ruling without using the terror of torture.

And it must be clearly understood that torture is a means of terror, which is now being used on a large scale to break and

I THINK,
THEREFORE
I AM...



...IN JAIL

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Self-Management continued from page 17
self-management did not have time to take hold and expand. But the process was begun and it worked. Spain proved that self-management was very real and workable, not just an unattainable utopia.

It's a long road from the slavery of today to a self-managed tomorrow. It's going to take our conscious struggle and determination. The desire for self-management is the first step. The next is the realization that it can be done. The rest is just hard work. We have to demand more at the workplace, demand more control over our lives, start building organizations to first battle the old system and then begin creating the new. By building our own organizations from below, by creating our own egalitarian structures, by directly seizing control over our work, by denying the legitimacy of the privileged ruling class, we can have a self-managed society.

*Self-Management is a statement of the
Anarchist Communist Federation of North
America.*

Torture continued

pulverise the individual political dissident and spread fear and alarm amongst their fellows. Of the regimes which are guilty of practising torture today the most notorious are those of Brazil, Vietnam, and the Shah of Iran - that pathetic blob of royal dung whose mushrooming secret police using torture techniques taught by Western countries has long made the Nazi Gestapo appear crude and unsophisticated in comparison.

Such is our world of today - filled as it is with growing armies of political prisoners upon many of whom is inflicted the horror of torture. There are those of us who see this cruel phenomenon as the inevitable product of a situation in which outdated state machines are desperately trying to maintain their rigid form and structure in the face of the burgeoning forces of progress. But whatever some of us may see or feel along these lines all those of us with the slightest spark of humanity now have the unavoidable duty to perform of

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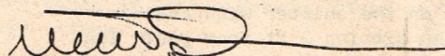
ridding our world of the criminal practice of torture and outlawing it forever.

We must do this for ourselves and for the generations yet unborn. But above all we must do it for the sake of those fellow men and women who at this very moment are experiencing pain and suffering of a kind which only modern methods of torture can induce.

Let those of us then who claim to be civilised and possessed of humanity give what we can afford of our time, talents, and money so that together we can end and outlaw the scourge of torture and make it impossible for this most monstrous of humanity's creations to ever show its evil visage again.

H.A.P.O.T.O.C., PO Box 10638, Amsterdam, The Netherlands.

Michael Tobin



(ex-political prisoner)

DEMONS OF HELL

TURNED LOOSE!

by Riverat



PRISON MURDER RAMPAGE

BUTCHER SQUAD ROAMED PRISON

INFORMERS MET UGLY DEATHS
IN MEW MEXICO PEN.....

So reads the headlines in the local mass media/corporation mouthpiece....paper.

Who knows how/what/why 35 to 100 brothers are dead?

Some strong hints come thru the sensation-alizations.....

The prison was built to house 800 men. It had 1100 men in it at the time of the riot so that means that 300 of them cells for one man had 2 men in it. A really strong brother in the Kentucky prisons is asking us to write letters to the Governor there protesting the ""double celling"....

Walk into your average size poor folks bathroom, take the tub out and put in a bed. Throw in two blankets, (if yer lucky) and two men or women. Leave em there till they kill each other or go after the pigs...ever stop and think of what it would do to your system if you had to sit on the shitter with another man or woman sitting 3 ft from you? Its really a gas...

"The prisoners presented a list of 11 demands, asking better food, improved
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facilities and an end to overcrowding. —demands that were often voiced in the past.

King (Gov Bruce King of New Mexico who right now needs a LOT of letters telling him to turn LOOSE!!! DAMMIT!! all those prisoners that they have ADMITTED were not supposed to be there in the first place!!!)said:

The only demand he was unable to meet was amnesty for the prisoners.

Demands that were often voiced in the past that could of course be met...

Lock the barn door after the horse has been stolen...after all the deaths.

reporters did not go into any of the cellblocks

and were not allowed to talk to any of the prisoners.

It has happened. That much I will beleive from these papers. A riot/ hostage-taking/murdering rampage has definitely taken place.

The rest of this shit that I'm reading in this stack of clippings is just wasted paper.

Prisoners from one end of this land to the other are getting sick and terribly tired

of the beatings, lousy food, lack of law books, idiotic parole board decisions that just stack humans in a warehouse....the list goes on and on.

PRISONS NEVER HAVE, AND NEVER WILL BE ANYTHING BUT A MEANS TO FORCE PEOPLE TO BOW DOWN TO RICH MAN'S POWER TRIP.

They do not solve the crime problem.

Jobs and food and clothing and decent housing...

These things will solve crime problems.

THE PIGS WILL NEVER DESTROY THEMSELVES.

If the people don't make them stop the beatings, the unnecessary jails, prisons, juvenile detention centers, ect. ect. ect. it will be done by people like the prisoners in the New Mexico State Prison.

First you file an inmate complaint. Then you write to the governor.

The head of corrections bureaucracy.

The newspapers.

Your mother.

Your friend.

You talk to your friends and the guards to too...

You cry a lot.

Cuss a bunch.

Get into fights with your friends on the tier of cells.

THEN!! GOD DAMNED IT!!! YOU REVOLT!!!

and during the revolution you just can't control the "Mexican Mafia" or the "white aryan brotherhood" or whoever else it was that got into the files and found out who the snitches, informers, bastards one and all...were. And they died as all snitches in prison die....

It's not nice. Heads chopped off. Lost arms. Bolts driven thru yer head from one ear to the other.

It has happened and it will most definitely likely happen again.

The only way that we can stop riots in prisons is if we all begin to actually support the prisoners.

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It was very, very hard for me to join the demonstration on Tulane & Broad today.

That's where they have this cement bldg. On it it says:

Ours is a government of LAWS

Not of MEN.

But it's a bitch on the earthlings locked inside.

They get beat. No fresh food. No law books. No stamps. They get beat.

A lot.

So they now got a picture of the River at. Check with the FBI and they can find out who I am.

Lock me up if they wanna.

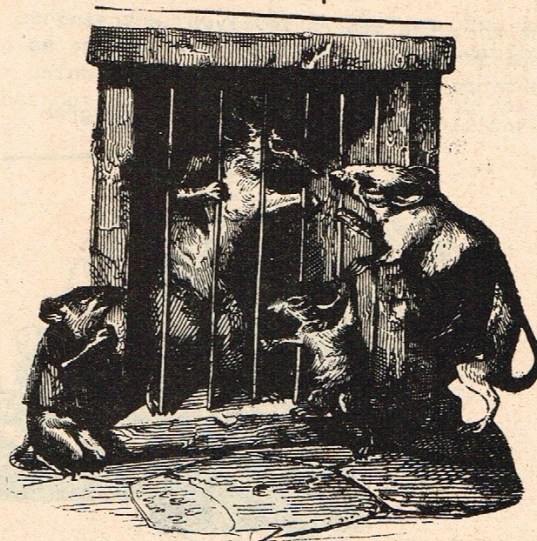
FUCK THE PIGS!!!

Some of us are sick and tired of this shit. They can kill us or lock us up...

But we are not going to sit back and let them beat our brothers and sisters and sons daughters mom and pop too.

Get locked inna zoo.

So did my dear ole grandad Dailey.



Some mighty good people are trying to see a system of idiocy and torture of the poor and black and native american and long-hair and "different" people locked inna zoo.

We don't want people raping us and murdering us.

We know that we must create a new way of dealing with these crimes, as well as the crimes of the poor, ie. theft, drugs, and of course, DIXIE BELR TOO!!!

After 18 months as an editor of a prisoner newsletter, and 8 months as an ex-con who still thinks of himself as the RIVERAT REPORTER...

I lthink that we are gonna see

MORE RIOTS.

MURDERS.

RAPES.

Cause you people just don't care. You still think of yourself as removed from the jail, prison, locked up under a million names trip.

We spent over \$2,000 pkrinting a prisoners newsletter. Donations in 18 months were less than \$50.

Been the same since gettin out.

I see that the others involved in trying t to see sense in a MAD WORLD are getting as much support as the RAINBOW RIVERATS do.

But you'll write to us when the pigs grab YOU.

Every one reading this is within easy walking idstance of a jail or prison.

Do you know how the people in your local zoo are treated?

Do you care?

If you do, then stop reading and get a pen and paper and copy out the names and addresses of people in this BAYOU LA ROSE that are trying to see justice. Send a check or letter supporting Kamalla & Ishka & Arther right off the bat. Stop and give it a thought...What the hell can we do to see Kamalla stay out of prison. How can we re-unite Kamalla & Ishka? We really need help on this!!!

Send a check and/or letter to any of the others you see working for prisoners.

Take time to find out who is working for/ with the lockal prisoners.

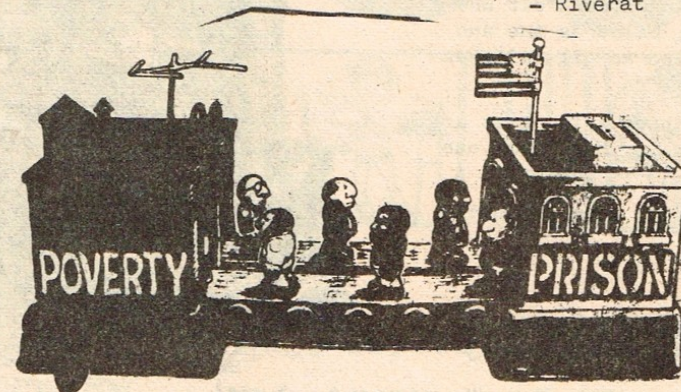
Support them. Write to us and let us know what they are doing and how we can help th them.

Some of us are dedicated to the idea that we can change this world without violence. Others are still locked in a cage like an animal only treated worse than an animal. If you don't help us help each other you'll see more headlines saying:

POLICE MOP UP AT THE RIOT RAVAGED N.M.

PRISON.

(or waupun or attica or walla walla or angola or dannbury or alderson or and or...) - Riverat



Let's Act Union!



There are many unions in this country but not enough unionism.

There is proof of that in the miserable wages and working conditions of those who provide this country with its food. There is proof in long workdays three generations and a million inventions after the 8-hour day was won. There is proof when those with steady jobs fear that they may lose them. There is proof in the way that workers are pitted against each other across the work bench, across the world.

We need the unionism that unites us. To get it, we must build it.

To build it, act union. Resist all attempts to use you against your fellow workers. Don't help the boss speed them up. Don't help cut their pay. Don't make them wonder whether it is safe to be union and act union.

Is your fellow worker weary of being a cog in a machine? Does he or she want to act human on the job? Don't make your fellow worker feel out of line - act human too.

To act union is to act for your own good by acting for the good of your fellow workers as a group. It is the sure way to win.

To act union is to show consideration for your fellow workers. Good unionists try to turn their jobs into places where they and their fellow workers can do their work well and at the same time enjoy the job and enjoy each other's company. They want sanitation facilities kept sanitary, drinking places kept decent, health and safety practices observed. They do their own bit to keep them that way. By their action they disprove any argument that workers don't want to bother with good conditions. When they and their fellow workers win something good, they don't want to spoil it.

No union official miles away from the job can make it agreeable. That needs union practice on the job. Nothing much can be done for us, but by acting union we can do much for ourselves. We can even leave our children a good world.

The good unionist is much concerned about the worst jobs, for the conditions there are the base above which all better conditions are built.

On many of those worst jobs, some workers are quitting and some are starting almost every day. If some were to quit a few days earlier and some were to quit a few days later than they had planned, they could quit in bunches. They could do this without much inconvenience to themselves. If they are asked why they are quitting, and they pointed to some grievance that is easy to remedy, they may get it taken care of and find it better to stay. To systematize the quitting practice in this way and to use it to improve conditions is not calling a strike. Those who quit in bunches are not telling others to stay away from the job they left. It is a way to press for better conditions on "come and go" jobs without incurring the troubles and sacrifices that strikes often require. Leave strikes for situations where nothing else will work.

Strikes are the worker's last resort, and to be used only after serious deliberation in union meetings. If bunched-up quitting does not win something for you at the job

Union continued to page 22





ANARCHA-FEMINISM

by Maria Scipione

As Anarcha-Feminists we see the destruction of Patriarchy as being essential to our liberation. We also see all other forms of oppression as our enemies. For without total liberation we will just be doomed to the same types of oppressive realities with new faces in the dominant roles. This is clearly illustrated in present day Socialist/Communist societies, where women had to wait till after the revolution to be free - they are still waiting.

Anarchism advocates total freedom without limitation. This does not mean a society of chaos and disorder but a world where every individual has total responsibility for their actions.

Violence against women is the logical result of patriarchal attitudes. Capitalism reinforces these practices by making violence a very profitable business, such as in pornography and advertising. Though, patriarchy and capitalism have evolved differently they are so combined and intertwined at this time that we can't really talk about either. Both these forms of domination use the state as a strong-armed thug.

Patriarchy is the system of male supremacy, the obvious implication that women are inferior - genetically, emotionally, mentally, and physically. Messages of inferiority penetrate our lives in many ways from almost every aspect of our environment. As we internalize this concept, we sometimes justify the violence against us "She/I deserved it."

Since patriarchy is an ideology which in and of itself has no power, it must thrive on institutions and customs. Violence against women has become institutionalized and customary. Rape is the most common violent crime. A constant fear in our lives that keeps us from going, doing, wearing, and saying what we please. This terrorism keeps us "in our place". The ground work for this situation is preplanned and thoroughly executed.

First young men are taught to be rapists. By this I do not mean the wild man in the bushes but the seducer, the "I-know-what's-best-for-you" personality, men who would never consider themselves rapists but just acting on their "natural" rights as men.

They view women as possessions - things for the taking. They learn that it's normal for men to lose control of themselves or at least use that as an excuse. They incorporate the gross idea of "that's what women really want." They learn to perceive their genitals as weapons of conquest.

Young women are taught to be victims. To always be nice. The messages taught the boys are also taught the girls and because every thing is male-identified we incorporate their viewpoint. To further our readiness for half-lives we lose trust in ourselves as women, that we are dumber, weaker, sillier, etc. There is no stress put on our learning self-defense. There is stress on making us pretty things to please men. Wearing clothes that we can't move in, shoes that we can't run in, but the worst is believing we are powerless and can't fight back.

We learn from all the institutions - state, church, job, family, school and media. These institutions reflect and reinforce patriarchy's need for violence against women. But through this process violence against women has become necessary in furthering the existence of these institutions.

Because of this harsh reality we question the amount of work the police or state agencies can do in putting an end to male tyranny. If either go too far they will lose their funding or jobs and then there will be nothing. The after-the-fact services are needed for survival but we must move to get past the necessary obsession with survival and begin working on liberation. Since the state keeps tight reins on funded reforms no real autonomy can be had by groups who want to really change the balance of power - as I'm sure those who try to work through these

agencies know. We see these agencies as necessary short-term services but if our long term goal is to end violence against women we must attack the rest of the problem, patriarchy and capitalism! We are the only ones who can do this, for no social institutions have women's interests in mind.

The eternal question - How?

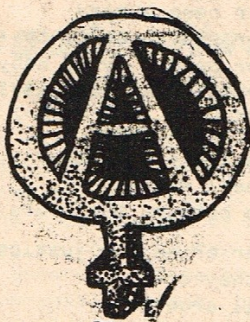
DIRECT ACTION - a tool used by feminists and historically advocated by anarchists. The basis being that of direct confrontation and individual and collective use of power without it being delegated.

We cannot depend on the state to protect us. In thinking that it does, or even could, we blind ourselves to reality. Police are either brutal, as with prostitutes and runaways, or have total respect for male property rights, like when called for a domestic argument or assault. All of this is our problem. As long as we see the illusion of justice in the state we will perpetuate our own oppression. The state and all other institutions depend on the domination of women. Their remedy is prison which only reinforces all aspects of women-hating. When there is no honest attempt to change society, it is the acceptance of the old order. We live in a world where there is no neutral ground.

Willie Tyson, a feminist singer, sings in her song *Merciful Mary* - "To seek justice from those who have put me here has been my most foolish mistake." The song is about a rape victim, but she is referring to the rape of her soul, the judge throws the case out because there is no physical evidence and she is sent for psychiatric help.

We do need to protect ourselves and since we are the only ones we can depend on - the task is awesome. The right of all women to self-defense should become a collective responsibility. When I say self-defense I am referring to the physical ability to fight back, but with this alone we do not change our status as targets. We must emotionally and mentally be prepared - the first step to this is rejecting our male-identification, realizing that all women are victims of specific violations because we are women and for no other reason. From the anger and pain that comes with this realization we must redefine ourselves individually and collectively. The redefining process is long and

hard and we all do it everyday - but from this comes our strategies for survival and our dreams for the future.



We must take the offensive and not wait for something to happen. We must use prevention in every way possible. Preparing ourselves physically, mentally and politically; and doing our best to make sure as many girls, young and old women learn this too. It is crucial for us to break down the isolation between women and people in general, on blocks, in neighbourhoods, at work, in schools, and families. To talk and set up systems of alarm and action - what to do when you hear a whistle, a scream, or too much silence. To let it be known that we as women are aware of what is happening to us and we say NO MORE! Confronting rapists or men who assault and harass women, letting everyone ~~know who~~ they are. We must be prepared - not to take it - but to fight and change it.

Men who are struggling to break sex roles personally and politically can exchange mutual aid in our struggle. They can support women's struggles by actively challenging male - trying to talk with rapists and other abusive men, developing a childcare network for community events and other things that they will develop as they see needs emerging.

We must put an end to violence against women in all its related forms yet we can't forget that violence against women is a symptom of a society diseased with the belief of white-male supremacy. In destroying this belief there is the danger of imitating it. The creation of an alternative society must be careful not to buy into the power of the old. If this happens, we will believe that a women president or a women corporate head or even a women general will solve our problems. The nature of our society is so

Mothers of Earth

have you ever been hungry
did you ever sleep out in the rain
have you ever held a dying baby
unable to cradle away the pain?

have you ever known doom
like that behind these bars?
alone in a cell room
empty spaces between the stars.

have you ever cried for justice?
notice how they spun
the truth all around
and stand ready —
waitin' with a gun.

watch your people dying
agent orange they keep applying
radiation all about us
cancer victims by the dozens.

prepare yourself for horror
the earth may well vanish tomorrow,
a button pushed and it's all over now
and life remains in this hazardous sorrow.

have you ever known truth
as real as global suicide?
have you seen such noble fright
when there's nowhere to hide?

have you ever cried in the shadows?
free speech has been denied.
have you ever drifted off to prayin'
you had already died?

o, mothers of earth
go back to her now
help her give birth
to hope with a plow.

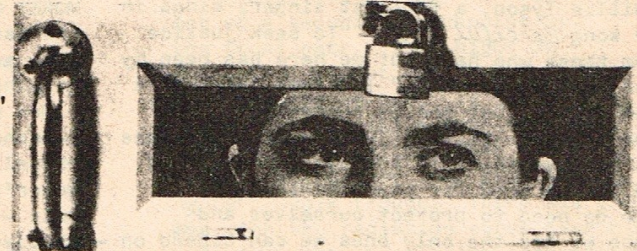
work in the gardens
replenish the land
give back the love
that was reaped by their plan

our healing hands
hold the love that it takes
to stop nuclear power
to this we must wake

to mother the earth
before it's too late
back to good health
and fate of her life

o, heed my appeal
be it nothing survives
nurture her with love
and peace will arrive.

*i am
KAMALLA*



Anarcha-Feminism continued

sarled in objectivity and fear that any trace of it would eventually poison anything that attempts to reform it. As anarcha-feminists our vision is a truly classless society — free of sex, race, age and economic classes.

Smashing the tradition of dominance and submission is our ultimate goal for not only does it feed patriarchy and capitalism, but all forms of oppression. We must break its
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rule over our daily lives.

This article was originally presented at a forum on WOMEN AND VIOLENCE in Rochester, NY on Oct. 26, 1978. The forum was for women only so 'we' refers to women. In places 'we' refers to women who are specifically anarcha-feminists at the contents make these distinctions clear. Patti Stanko and Jackie Frost gave support and criticism vital to the writing of this article.

From the North American Anarchist.



Principles of Revolutionary Syndicalism



1. Revolutionary Syndicalism, basing itself on the class-war, aims at the union of all manual and intellectual workers in economic fighting organizations struggling for their emancipation from the yoke of wage slavery and from the oppression of the State. Its goal consists in the re-organization of social life on the basis of Free Communism, by means of the revolutionary action of the working class itself. It considers that the economic organizations of the proletariat are alone capable of realising this aim, and, in consequence, its appeal is addressed to workers in their capacity of producers and creators of social riches, in opposition to the modern political labor parties which can never be considered at all from the point of view of economic re-organization.

2. Revolutionary Syndicalism is the confirmed enemy of every form of economic and social monopoly, and aims at its abolition by means of economic communes and administrative organs of field and factory workers on the basis of a free system of councils, entirely liberated from subordination to any Government or political party. Against the politics of the State and of parties it erects the economic organization of labor; against the Government of men, it sets up the management of things. Consequently, it has not for its object the conquest of political power, but the abolition of every State function in social life. It considers that, along with the monopoly of property, should disappear also the monopoly of domination, and that any form of the State, including the form of the "dictatorship of the proletariat" will always be the creator of new monopolies and new privileges: it could never be an instrument of liberation.

3. The double task of Revolutionary Syndicalism is as follows: on the one hand it pursues the daily revolutionary struggle for the economic, social and intellectual improvement of the working class within the framework of existing society; on the other

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hand, its ultimate goal is to raise the masses to the independent management of production and distribution, as well as to the transfer into their own hands of all the ramifications of social life. It is convinced that the organization of an economic system, resting on the producer and built up from below upwards, can never be regulated by Governmental decrees, but only by the common action of all manual and intellectual workers in every branch of industry, by the conduct of factories by the producers themselves in such a way that each group, workshop or branch of industry, is an autonomous section of the general economic organization, systematically developing production and distribution in the interests of the entire community in accordance with a well-determined plan and on the basis of mutual agreements.

4. Revolutionary Syndicalism is opposed to every centralist tendency and organization, which is but borrowed from the State and the Church, and which stifles methodically every spirit of initiative and every independent thought. Centralism is an artificial organization from top to bottom, which hands over en bloc to a handful of people, the regulation of the affairs of a whole community. The individual becomes, therefore, nothing but an automaton directed and moved from above. The interests of the community yield place to the privileges of a few; variety is replaced by uniformity; personal responsibility by a soulless discipline; real education by a veneer. It is for this reason that Revolutionary Syndicalism advocates federalist organization; that is to say, an organization, from below upwards, of a free union of all forces on the basis of common ideas and interests.

5. Revolutionary Syndicalism rejects all parliamentary activity and all cooperation with legislative bodies. Universal suffrage, on however wide a basis, cannot bring about the disappearance of the flagrant contradictions existing in the very bosom of modern

society; the parliamentary system has but one object, viz., to lend the appearance of legal right to the reign of lies and social injustice, to persuade slaves to fix the seal of the law onto their own enslavement.

6. Revolutionary Syndicalism rejects all arbitrarily fixed political and national frontiers, and it sees in nationalism nothing else but the religion of the modern State, behind which are concealed the material interests of the possessing classes. It recognizes only regional differences, and demands for every group the right of self-determination in harmonious solidarity with all other associations of an economic, territorial or national order.

7. It is for these same reasons that Revolutionary Syndicalism opposes militarism in all its forms, and considers anti-militarist propaganda as one of its most important tasks in the struggle against the present system. In the first instance, it urges individual refusal of military service, and especially, organized boycott against the manufacture of war material.

8. Revolutionary Syndicalism stands on the platform of direct action, and supports all struggles which are not in contradiction with its aims, viz., the abolition of economic monopoly and of the domination of the State. The methods of fight are the strike, the boycott, sabotage, &c. Direct action finds its most pronounced expression

in the general strike which, at the same time, from the point of view of Revolutionary Syndicalism, ought to be the prelude to the social Revolution.

9. Although enemies of all forms of organized violence in the hands of any Government, the Syndicalists do not forget that the decisive struggle between the Capitalism of today and the Free Communism of tomorrow, will not take place without serious collisions. They recognise violence, therefore, as a means of defence against the methods of violence of the ruling classes, in the struggle of the revolutionary people for the expropriation of the means of production and of the land. Just as this expropriation cannot be commenced and carried to a successful issue except by the revolutionary economic organizations of the workers, so also the defence of the revolution should be in the hands of these economic organizations, and not in those of any military or other organizations operating outside the economic organs.

10. It is only in the revolutionary economic organizations of the working class that is to be found the power apt to carry out its emancipation, as well as the creative energy necessary for the reorganization of society on the basis of Free Communism.

(Adopted by the First International Convention of the International Workers Association (I.W.A.) (A.I.T.), Berlin, 1922.

Union continued from page 23

you are leaving, it may make the job better for the next crew that takes it, and very likely will. By the same token you may find conditions better on the job you move to because of the way those who were on it before you left it.

These are a few examples of what we mean when we say "Let's Act Union." Without acting union, your payment of union dues cannot build unionism. But trying to act union without building a union does not work either. We need the combination. Build the sort of union that expects us to act union and that helps us to do so.

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We want the sort of union where all on the same job will be in the same union; where all in the same industry will be in the same industrial unions; where eventually all in the working class everywhere will be helping each other in *The Industrial Workers of the World*.

This is not a union run by some leader who tells you what he will do for you. It is a device by which you and your fellow workers can do together what you want to do but cannot do alone. Whether you join us now or not, we ask you to give a powerful lot of thought to how you can act union.

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD, 3435
North Sheffield, Suite 202, Chicago,
Illinois, 60657

On the other hand, feminism and anarchism are theoretical counterparts. Being a theory based on selfmanagement and direct action, anarchism has no motive to subsume feminism and respects and supports the autonomy of the women's movement. But while theoretically feminism can be seen as an extension of anarchism, practically anarchist consciousness of feminism is way behind that of the left as a whole. The contradiction is a double one. Not only have anarchists largely failed to recognise the anarchism going on all around them, revolutionary feminism, but the anarchist movement remains resiliently sexist and male dominated. Even simple fundamentals such as organising speeches, sitting back at meetings and allowing women to come forward, confronting sexism in language and ensuring that women with children are free to attend meeting are not observed in any serious way by the majority of anarchist men. How has this contradiction come about? In two critical respects the answer seems to lie in the extent to which anarchists have been able to justify their sexism by misinterpreting their own theory, rather than come to terms with it. While anarchism being generalised has indisputably always been about the liberation of people, anarchism is not feminist. Nevertheless, the attitude that the implications of women's liberation can be ignored because anarchism is people's liberation is prevalent. The second way by which anarchist men have ide-

ologically reinforced their own sexism consists in confusing political assertion with masculine assertiveness. The justification of sexist behaviour in terms of anarchist individuality and even the support of anti-feminist articles on the basis of free speech are familiar.

Anarchist practice contradicts its own theory by not being actively feminist. Anarchism must recognise in feminism a radical extension of its own politic, beyond its critique of capital and state to include patriarchal oppression, and must base all future practice on this recognition.

We want nothing less than complete freedom - sexual-social revolution. The creative destruction of the triple domination of patriarchy, State and capital. As of this minute anarchism has no choice but to become consciously and actively feminist - just as anarcho-feminism consists in consciously anarchist feminism - or cease to exist. "What we ask is nothing less than total revolution, revolution whose forms invent a future untainted by inequality, domination or disrespect for individual variation - in short, feminist-anarchist revolution. I believe that women have known all along how to move in the direction of human liberation; we only need to shake off lingering male political forms and dictums and focus on our own anarchistic female analysis." (Peggy Kornegger; Anarchism the Feminist Connection).

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE

THE CRY OF THE UNFIT

The gods have left us, the creeds have crumbled;
There are none to pity and none to care;
Our fellows have crushed us where we have stumbled;
They have made of our bodies a bleeding stair.

Loud rang the bells in the Christmas steeples;
We heard them ring through the bitter morn;
The promise of old to the weary peoples
Came floating sweetly,—"Christ is born."

But the words were mocking, sorely mocking,
As we sought the sky through our freezing tears,
We children, who've hung the Christmas stocking,
And found it empty two thousand years.

No, there is naught in the old creed for us;
Love and peace are to those who win;
To them the delight of the golden chorus,
To us the hunger and shame and sin.

Why then live on since our lives are fruitless,
Since peace is certain and death is rest;
Since our masters tell us the strife is bootless,
And Nature scorns her unwelcome guest?

You who have climbed on our aching bodies,
You who have thought because we have toiled,
Priests of the creed of a newer goddess,
Searchers in depths where the Past was foiled.

Speak in the name of the faith that you cherish!
Give us the truth! We have bought it with woe!
Must we forever thus worthlessly perish,
Burned in the desert and lost in the snow?

Trampled, forsaken, foredoomed, and forgotten,—
Helplessly tossed like the leaf in the storm?
Bred for the shambles, with curses begotten,
Useless to all save the rotting grave-worm?

Give us some anchor to stay our mad drifting!
Give, for your own sakes! for lo, where our blood,
A red tide to drown you, is steadily lifting!
Help! or you die in the terrible flood!

Barnwell staff house. I was to be a volunteer for the action but we had a habit of calling ourselves suckers. I rode with Chuck and Gary down into the asshole of the nuclear fuel cycle. This is where all the shit goes. At about 10 or 11 we arrived to be met by the second shift staff, Pat Springer. A few hours later Eric and Ward show up from Tenn. It's definately not a night for sleeping but one for sharing with our new family.

Folks are showing up from all around the southeast for the council meeting of the South-East Natural Guard (SENG). As usual there is some heavy energy in the air. It is a power that we are unsure of. What is its nature? Who is generating it? Is it good, bad, mundane, spiritual or technological? The energy could be coming from those in the council circle intent upon community, it could be from hidden agendas crying to be heard or it could even be weird vibes coming from the Savannah River Plant (SRP). Do we really understand what the vibes of radiation are or what it means to affront the earth with a plutonium bomb machine.

The council is running in at least two entirely different directions. One direction in which I believe in is a lifestyle in which we live the revolution everyday. We understand that nuclear power is but a symptom of the problems of the human race. Acceptance of power simply because it already exists is how we got nuclear power in the first place. That same acceptance is why our government is bought out by big oil and union leaders by racketeers. It is also responsible for our movements inability to be effective.

It is when we live as we say and build alternatives to society that the revolution will swing into a full tilt boogie.

The second direction is mass movement building. There are plenty of people doing their damnest to be our leaders in such a situation. Leaders that take advantage of the media to build an image of what they are not. The media becomes the entire strategy while mass movement building gets little real energy. Lost from reality, the image fills a vacuum created by apathy. Like Nixon they speak for the silent majority. A good analogy would be a hot air balloon or a fast food franchise that is rapidly expanding, reaching a crest, exploding and throwing fragments everywhere. Each piece which helped it to attain the crest is discarded, pissed on and forgotten. To demoralized to take individual action.

But still the government's work in Barnwell is such a pisser that it brings such diverse elements together. We can only expect our results to shadow the fact of our diversity.

Well the weekend rolled forth with nothing memorable happening. Sooner or later the house calmed down to find an expanded staff to work in the month before the action. Up to that point, the staff had consisted of Frank Sarnowski, Lee Manchester (retired) and Pat Springer. Frank and Pat were joined by Catherine Gorman, Susan Wilson, and myself. A few days later, Mark Schaeffer hitchhiked in from Savannah. Finally Jeannie McIntyre from New Hampshire made it down to be our bookkeeper.

Frank and I went through Barnwell I in 78 together in the same Endangered Species Affinity Group. From that we had a well established trust that deepened as we travelled through Barnwell II together. At earlier council meetings in the spring and summer I had become friends with Pat Susan and Mark. While Catherine and Jeannie were strangers that quickly became

friends. The work rolled into the house in waves so there were a few times when we could sit back and find out who we were.

Now the staff house has known many different faces in its life. The house was originally built in the small town of Ellenton, SC. Ellenton was relocated in 1951 when the SRP was built. Since being moved to Barnwell the house has been a pool hall, antique store, brothel, and Lions Club House. So when SENG moved in, it was generally assumed that the hippies were a care-free, sex and drug crazed lot. This meant having to deal with drunk red-necks a couple of times but we managed.

The house is a two storied frame house with a large second floor porch. I moved onto the porch which was to be called the ozone porch. Not necessarily because the inhabitants were spaced out but because the porch was completely open on two sides and had windows set in a wall on the third side. It was a porch where you could sit outside and still look out the window.

Over the next two weeks we prepared thousands of pieces of mail and dozens of packages. We attempted to coordinate task forces so they wouldn't accidentally duplicate themselves or leave something out. Frank and I gathered a list of southern non-violent trainers and on and on through the days and nights. We went with a friend from up the road to swim in the Salkahatchie river, a black fast flowing creek. By the time the last pre-action council met Sept 15-6 the staff had become the Seng and Dance Affinity Group.

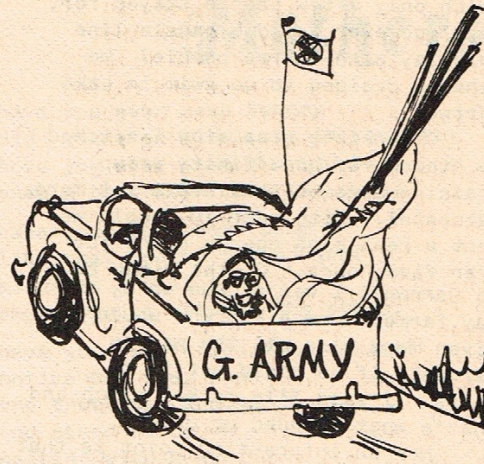
Somewhere along the line Catherine and I hitched to Columbia with an electric typewriter that could be plugged into a cars cigarette lighter, such dedication. That night along with Frank, we got a ride in Pearl to Clemson. During the day we facilitated a training for trainers session

which only a few people stayed for. Have you ever tried a hassle line roleplay with three people? We finally decided to go swim in Lake Hartwell.

On another occasion I hitched to Athens for an affinity group training session that was a lot more successful. With over 15 people we kept a real high energy going for over five hours. On the hitch back to Barnwell I was picked up by a gay farmer from Aiken who would've given me a ride all the way to Barnwell if he could get in my pants. I said I'd rather hitch and that's what I ended up doing.

Now an interesting point is that some of the more hostile people in Barnwell had a habit of driving by and yelling "FAGGITT". I couldn't understand that one when it was the locals who were doing the propositioning. The strangest holler we heard one night when a car stopped at the corner to yell "Give em Hell Dupont" (Dupont has a govt contract to run the SRP). I mean what kind of death trip are those people on? The highschool football team was called the Warhorses. More visions of Apocalypse.

After the Sept 15-6 council, Eric Bittschwann moved in. He drove down in his now familiar white chevy pick-up with a platoon tent in the back. About a week before the action Eric Swilson and myself ran off to Tennessee on a run for a tipi and a little peace of mind. Eric and I conspired through the night over how the whole trip with the action was going, not yet able to pick out where the vibes were coming from. Through the dark of the early morning we drove through the valley, across Plateau and up into Sycamore Hollow to get some sleep before going to see Ward and Pete at the Trading Post. Then on to Nobodies Mtn to take down the tipi and load it into the truck. Thus the pick-up was magickally transformed into the White Unicorn,



a load of poles making the horn. We took a bath under the waterfall and started to run back to South Carolina. I slept all the way to Athens where I took the wheel while Eric and Susan slept. A 36 hour trip through day and night to catch our sanity and tipi!

The tipi was for childcare, by this time our resources were panning out and we were concentrating on children and prisoners. We were overworked and worried about getting more people than we could handle. The only alternative it seemed we were building was the pseudo-militaristic granola army with honchos and lawyers as our generals of non-violence. The Pentagon claims to be an instrument of peace too.

A week before the action I moved onto the site and into the tipi. Pieces of the land still had to be cleared, lumber scrounged from the surrounding country, circus tents put up, structures for kitchens and hello huts. Compared with the number of people who helped to plan the action our work force was very small. Now although I thought I had risen above class dogma, I'll be goddamned if i'll see a class structure incorporated into our alternative of the future. We have

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to watch ourselves closely, we slip into old patterns all too easy. There was almost a working class uprising against the proletarian dictatorship which almost found itself without a site.

Tuesday was the night for setting out the good vibes over the site with sweats and mushroom tea from the finest Georgia mushrooms. With the street lights next door from Westvaco, the trees were casting shadows over the site. I began to wonder why we were so worried about building our structures when there were so many already there. I was afraid of falling over the shadows or bumping my shins on the shadowy maze. Before my eyes, the shadows built themselves up into the night sky...

As reality gradually imposed itself back on our befuddled minds, we realized the immediateness of our situation and freaked! How were we going to take care of thousands of people? Luckily none of those midnight schemes came into existence as we perceived that sleep was the immediate order of business.

By Thursday night we had set up a security checkpoint by the front gate. That night we turned away about ten drunks intent upon scoping us out. It seems like the only time people wanted to talk with us was when they were stone drunk. There were some people who would talk though. There was the ~~man~~ with the radiation sores over his ~~body~~ from a leak of supposedly low-

level radiation at Chem Nuke, his buddy was already dead. I heard from several different people about the shoddiness of Chem Nuke's dumping practices in the early 70's. Then a friend of mine I met at the Prestige Lounge who was only 21 and couldn't understand why he was dying of leukemia. People are dead and dying from nukes in South Carolina.

One of the finer moments of the action was on Friday morning when one of the local hasslers of the night before drove by and saw me still at the gate. He drove down the road and came back with a large coffee. Right on time.

Friday came and people started to come on in. Another really high time was when the Caravan from Virginia arrived. We had been hearing about them on the national news and they told us of how they had been stopped on the highway by reporters. The police were starting to get thicker across the road there. We were used to the clicking cameras by now, it was the helicopters that were a bit freaky. Finally some rest time to come out of the rain. It had really been a soggy week.

I got myself off of security and into the training schedule on Saturday. Stephen Mason showed up to do most of that and what a sight for sore eyes even without his beard. I was busy enough with the prison support groups to be training too. It was very hard for me to gauge how many people wanted to join in new affinity groups and how many were already into groups. We did both non-violence training of affinity groups along with fine tuning for spokes, medics, support, and peace-keepers. In the middle of the afternoon the rain came back in force and drove our schedule right into the ground. We had hoped to do a legal update for affinity groups that afternoon but it never happened. So we gave up our workshops for speakers and went off into the woods to get high.

Somewhere along the line a hit of King Tut acid got thrown into my mouth, making the night a surreal experience. I would drift across the site, meeting strangers who had no idea of what was going on around them, making my paranoia grow about our not being that

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tight yet. From time to time I would check into the council to listen in on the T-shirt controversy. After the council was over I talked with Eric, Tana, Steve and Susan about the day's activities in different parts of the site. To get the training going in the morning we needed some intense community communication so Tana volunteered to get town cryers to spread the word.

Sitting around the tipi with a candle in the middle all of us exhausted yet full of energy to talk with one another. Trying to piece together the community we had helped to build. The funny feeling of power invoked was very strong that night. We went on to talk about no-nukes in the valley next spring, committing ourselves to a new path. We had found one another on the old path and were moving together onto the new road.

We still ask who are we? Where is this movement taking us? How do we live in our new community? What defines our Members? How do we deal with folks who don't want to see our community develop? Pretty heavy questions to answer in the middle of the night. It's like we're all beginning in a movement that's been going on for hundreds of years. Life must surely be able to teach us the answers cause they sure ain't found in books or if they are, they don't make any sense until you experience them anyway.

Sometime in the early morning I dragged myself out and up to the core tent where I gathered my head to get a schedule together. I talked with the weary souls on night watch while we had coffee together. Before I knew it the sun was up spreading light for another day. Back to the tipi grounds I went to see about those town cryers. While the camp was rubbing the sleep out of its eyes, we were out there finding out who still wanted to participate in the civil

disobediance. That day about forty people formed several affinity groups. In the morning we also got a support meeting which was enhanced by the arrival of Julie Kaimi another member of the Barnwell 10.

Then the march was being formed and off everybody went to pay a visit to the gates of SRP, Chem Nuke and Allied General Nuclear Services. After a week in the rain my feet were in no shape to march a seven mile trek. So DK and I kept an eye on the back part of the camp, listening to the Farm band tuning up over the rise. As the marchers came in to music I fell asleep missing all the rally and music.

I woke up that night to see the last part of the strangest Barnwell council ever. It seems I missed out on the lawyer's takeover of Barnwell II. In a mass meeting they told the occupants to forget about the council, the decisions that had been made and to listen to them. What the lawyers had to say was that they had prepared the arrest procedure so that only a \$10.00 bail would have to be paid. Put your faith in the lawyers to take care of all dealings with the legal procedure with the state. The lawyers can awe us with their ability to make deals with the state. My time that night was spent with support people and folks not paying bond.

Monday morning there was a smaller march back to the plants on a one-way ticket. We had people arrested at all three of the nuclear factories for trespassing on private property. Everyone was carted to the armory for booking.

We arrived outside the armory to establish a support presence but our non-violent discipline wasn't together and the man got ticked off and pushed us off our street curb. Right while this was going on the rascals found out that bail was going to be set at higher than \$10.00. In a quick meeting inside the armory they called bail soli-

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arity at \$15.00.

Support retreated back to the site to get its act together. We got back in touch with the authorities at the armory and were able to get Tana inside to talk with the prisoners one by one to get a list of who was going where. Seems we have 161 people in ten county jails across lower South Carolina. We got together the support council a group made up of the support person from each affinity group that was arrested. We then broke down into several working groups, support, media, mailings and leaflets.

Bail solidarity had been set at \$15.00 which is what the occupiers had felt was fair. They had been assured by the lawyers that the \$10. was the likely bail. We were hit with a \$25. bail which is the normal bail set for trespassers in Barnwell County. The magistrates felt it was fair to give the occupiers the same treatment they gave their neighbors. The argument of the lawyers had been that since the occupiers were coming in bulk, we ought to get a bulk rate. What the argument amounts to is that legally our bodies were placed on the bargaining tables to be dissected at will.

It's hard to understand putting a dollar amount on bail solidarity in the first place. Determining who stays in by how much money they have does not sound like any kind of justice to me. In occupying a nuclear power plant we have been acting out of moral consciousness and should not have been arrested in the first place. If arrested we should be put out of jail immediately and unconditionally. I do not recognize any authority to try me for my moral convictions even if those convictions end up as actions. The whole concept of a reasonable amount of

bail is beyond me.

Anyways, we started to run again late Monday night out to Healing Springs to get good water for those fasting. Got some sleep in the wee hours and Tuesday the runs were 12 hours all day. As the days went by that week, different people bailed out when they had to go home. So just about every day we went to all the jails to pick up occupiers.

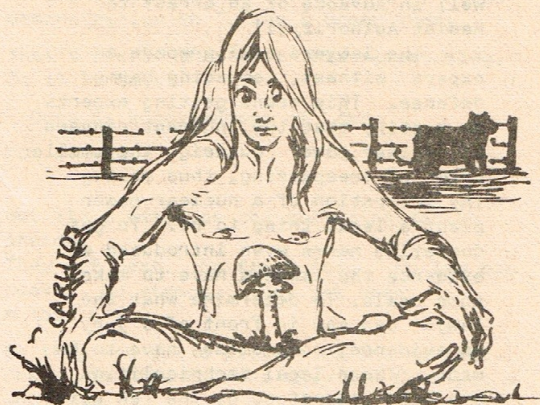
There was the Aiken- North Augusta run the Colleton Special and the Rich-land Express to name a few. We kept vehicles running all week with extra bail money, books, water, paper, pen, stamps, fruit, for the folks staying in. It was really a great trip to get people out and listen to thier experiences in the jails.

After a week of this we were down to nine prisoners and denied legal motions for speedy trial and reduced bail. Finally bail was reduced to \$ 15 and the last nine folk came out. The night was full of some heavy duty celebrating and chantings. I mean to say the walls of the house were vibrating with trails everywhere.

When everything was over, our small family/ affinity group was still intact. Two of our members Mark and Catherine, had stayed in until bail was reduced and those of us on the outside had worked some long days and nights. It seemed like we had been together for years instead of months. I stayed on for a couple more weeks trying to get over a case of the communal cold and still get more mailings out. Everyone gonna come for the evaluation? I wasn't quite ready myself so I got a ride to the interstate and took off for a couple weeks up in the hills of Georgia and the mountains of Tennessee.

Getting back to the evaluation, my major complaint with the Barnwell Gathering was our dependance on

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specialized roles, especially lawyers and media. We seem to depend upon the media to convey our messages of no-nukes across the country. Since everybody watches, listens to or reads the news, then that is the best medium to attract their attention.

Watching the news on the boob tube is a depressing reality. Seeing Three Mile Island on the tv every night gets people nervous enough that they don't want to hear about it anymore. If on the other hand, those same people are leafletted or their neighborhoods canvassed, it gives us the chance to directly challenge them with the truth which is that nukes are fatal. Whether or not we immediately convince them is not as important as just being able to raise these problems in front of people in an immediate way. Instead of cultivating an image of what we are not, we should spend more time out on the streets talking with folks.

Legal communications were terrible from the start. Not one pre action council really concerned itself with what to do about a legal defense after the action. It was left for the lawyers to decide that one for us. Why? Cause we all feel out of place in a courtroom, the vibes

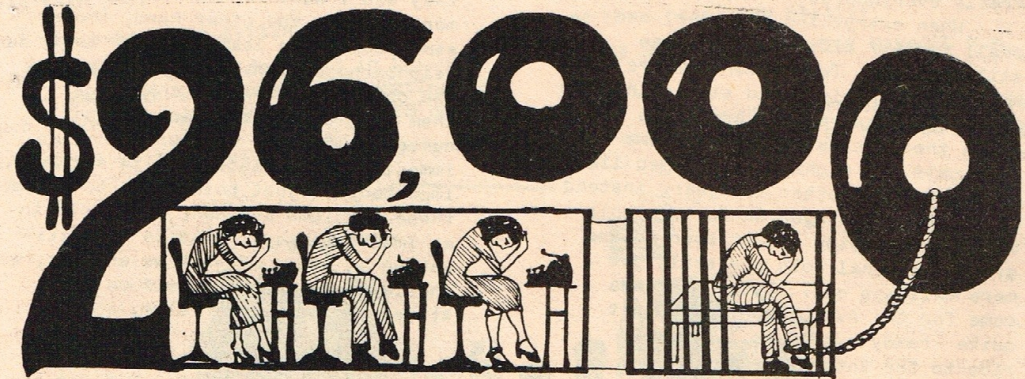
work up the nerve to question authority. I think we ought to develop the confidence in ourselves well in advance of an arrest to Resist Authority!!!

The lawyers will prepare an expert witness, competing harms defense. This means getting experts to testify that the inherent dangers of nuclear power outweigh the smaller crime of trespassing, thus making the occupation of a nuclear power plant a legal thing to do. To get competing harms even introduced as evidence the lawyers have to make some deals. To determine what the lawyer can say in front of a jury as evidence, compromises have to be made. These legal technicalities are only understood by the few elite so we have to deliver ourselves into their care. These technicalities are an aggressive game of egos and underlying political aspirations which pre-determine the outcome of the game. It is in no way non-violent, it is a game in which defendants are just so many pieces of furniture. It just doesn't click with my personal goals I have set for my participation in civil disobedience.

possible convince people that nuclear power and weapons along with the state that makes them are a direct threat to our existence. The simplest way to me seems to be communication in between people, a spreading of knowledge. If I'm in a courtroom, I don't need a lawyer to talk for me. Without a lawyer I can just talk without any thought for courtroom process at all. we're all just people right?

The evaluation meeting itself is a great example of how young our movement really is. In regional meetings of 30-50 spokes, we haven't learned to speak shortly or listen to one another. In this meeting we had just enough time to talk about what we wanted to talk about but not enough time to get around evaluating a lot of different aspects of the action. Then we went on to evaluate our process yet we still didn't know the process we were using to evaluate our process. We ended up just holding hands and letting our feelings hang loose. Which really is getting it together.

Credits: Fazekas/Richardson



IT COSTS UP TO \$26,000 A YEAR TO IMPRISON
A PERSON. HOW MUCH DOES THE COMPANY
WHERE YOU WORK PAY TO KEEP YOU IN THEIR
PRISON?

RIVERAT'S PRISON RESOURCES



A tin shed. morning in
New Orleans. a snug sleeping bag.
Arthur wants the ex-con to do 6 pages on
prisons for BAYOU LA ROSE.....

One way or the other we are going to have
to get our heads together if we are going
to tear down the walls. If we don't tear
down the walls a whole lot of people that
are reading this on the streets are gonna
be reading it in the zoo...just where I
read my first copy of BAYOU LA ROSE.....

prisons. Fragments is all I get....

If anyone locks up more people than we do
its South Africa.

We lock up 250 of every 100,000 people in
the United States.

Holland locks up 22. Of that 22, 17 are
serving sentences of less than one year.

To get that 250 we don't even COUNT those
doing less than one year.

Let alone count the thousands and thousands
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of our children that we lock up from one
end of this land to the other...

Prisoners, priests, attorney generals,
directors of the federal prisons system,
uncountable committees, reports, researchs
books, movies;

THEY ALL TELL US THAT WE MUST

ABOLISH PRISONS.

Since everyone says tear em down....

How come the prison population has
doubled in the last ten years?

In 1972 there was this study done for the
Wisconsin legislature so they could make
up their minds what to do about the prison
problem. There had been a riot at Waupun,
one of the states maximum security zoos,
race riots at Kettle Morain, riots at Fox
Lake prison.

the prisoners were complaining of racist
guards, lack of medical attention, lack
of a complaint system, insane parole trip,
the whole line....

The study says to DESTROY THE PRISON SYSTEM

and they started to do just that.

The new prison that Wisconsin had built was sold to the Federal Govt. at a huge loss....Waupun & Green Bay were going to be torn down....

In 1979 the Wisconsin Government announces plans to build 4 more prisons. \$50 million has already been given to the prison boss to add to his/their empire....



"YOU'RE IN FOR MURDER? FUNNY, I'M IN FOR REFUSING TO!"

Its pretty obvious that the govt. ain't gonna tear itself down.

We are going to destroy the prison system "ROOT & BRANCH."

THE PRISONERS PRESS
2115 Esplanade Ave.
New Orleans, LA 70119

that's us ma!

This typewriter, me typing, and lots of good people livin in "the esplanade white house", our mimeograph machines, soon our offset press, our blood that we'll sell at the blood bank if we have too so we can buy stamps...

ALL THIS...

and more.

Are at your service if you want to help us tear down the zoos in amerika.

Wanna print a newsletter and the pigs won't letcha?

We'll do it. We'll help you do it. We'll help you learn how to do it yourself.

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We've printed a mimeograph booklet called
FRIENDS & FELONS

And its pretty damned good. If yer inna zoo you'll love it. We've put in every name and address that Riverat
RIVERAT REPORTER,

could get our hands on...some words of wisdom...ideas on net-working...

Here's some of it:

INSTEAD OF PRISONS, Safer Society Press, 3049 E. Genessee St., Syr., NY 13224 cost \$7 and is MUST reading for anyone livin in/ workin with the human zoos...INSTEAD OF PRISONS said a lot of truth about prisons and said it real well. I read it on the way out of prison and sure do think its one that we should try to hand to each prisoner as they walk into the zoo. Its hard to set things straight in your head when you've just gone thru the bullshit

INSTEAD OF PRISONS WORKSHOP MANUALS--

These manuals teach people how to run workshops based on the original INSTEAD OF PRISONS handbook for abolitionists from the Prison Research Education Action Project. The weekend workshop and Mini (4 hour) workshop manuals are offered at \$2.35 and \$1.85 each, respectively. The publications are the product of almost two years of testing and workshop facilitating by PREAP coordinator Honey K Knopp and the PREAP training staff.

PRISON LAW MONITOR, 1806 T St., N.W. Washington, DC 20009 - monthly, \$6 a year to prisoners and \$30 if yer onna streets.

"We invite you to subscribe to the Prison Law monitor. The PRISON LAW MONITOR is published monthly by Institution Education Services, an independent non-profit organization. The MONITOR reports, in brief form, all state and federal cases, in the area of adult prisoners rights and the rights of institutionalized juveniles...comprehensive clearinghouse services which provide model pleadings on the priority issues; contacts with attorneys throughout the country who are working on the same or similar issues being researched, federal reference material important to the attorney preparing to litigate complex issues confronted in institutional litigation...for the legislative advocate. 19 different law reporters...how about sending us one of them complimentary copies?

PRISONERS YELLOW PAGES

Ofc of Institutional Ministry
5300 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 304
LA, CA 90029

"They list tons of organizations all over the country doing work with prisoners (thanks Mary Rivers of TORCH/LA ANTORCHA).

The prisoners yellow pages that I saw did just that -- list TONS of groups and organizations.

They need some help. Lots of people listed in the Prisoners Yellow Pages are no longer operating group. I sent lots of letters that came back....

Prisons: The price we pay -- A very useful packet from NCCD with basic information on the costs of imprisonment, facts sheets on white collar crime, the crime rate, and sentencing. NCCD president Milton Rectors statement on "Imprisonment as a Panacea" and Judge David Bazelon's column, "No, not Tougher Sentencing" are included. Quantities up to ten are free of charge. Lots of 100 are available for \$10. From NCCD, 411 Hackensack, Hackensack, NJ 07601

"We must destroy the prison, root and branch!" -- This pamphlet outlines the UUSC National Moratorium effort.

It also lists NMPC resources. Valuable for basic educational purposes at conferences and workshops. Orders for 1-20 free of charge, copies over 20 for each

56 5¢

write:

NMPC

324 C St. SE

Washington, DC 20003

There's lots more to FRIENDS & FELONS....

names and addresses of people who'll send papers/books/letters/love into the zoo. people, especially in the SMALLPRESSs of amerika who'll print yer poem too...

after 32 months inna zoo.....there's a lot of things you need inna zoo...and we will help.

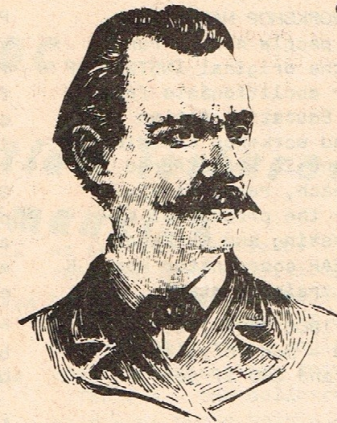
FRIENDS & FELONS is free to prisoners. We are super poor folks tho - FRIENDS & FELONS

would have been lots longer cept we ran out of paper...send some stamps or a donation if ya can.....if you aren't inna zoo - send at least \$2 please.

We'll do FRIENDS & FELONS #2 in the spring and would appreciate all the help we can get....prisoners/friends writing - poems - graphics..... this will be as good as we all make it. I remember just how hard it was to get stamps inna zoo....and what a big bummer it was to send a letter and get it back "No forwarding address." And that's what friends & felons is all about.

Law vs Liberty by

Albert Parsons



"Anarchy is license," exclaim the law-abiding citizen.

"If this is true, then what in the name of liberty is law?" retort the anarchists.

What is law? It is a command, an order, and the state enforces compliance.

What is the state? The legislative, judicial and executive powers are what constitute the state. The law is manufactured, "made" to order by the legislators, and then expounded and applied by the judges, and then enforced or executed by the police, militia, army and navy.


Law being a command or order to do or refrain from doing something, it is, therefor not liberty, but license, and consequently despotic. Law-Statute law-is designed to force or compel some person or persons to respect and support the privileges it confers upon some other person or persons. Law-statute law-is license, because it establishes the inequality of rights and duties, and maintains the inequality of conditions and opportunities. "Equal rights under the law," is a misnomer, since the only function of statute law is the creation of privileges and inequalities. Law-statute law-is the instrumentality by means of which people are made to serve and obey, to work and suffer for other people's benefit. Law-statute law-is the denial of a person's natural, inalienable rights by other persons. There are two kinds of law, natural

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and artificial. The artificial or manufactured law also manufactures police, militia and prisons. Law-statute law-is "the coward's weapon, the tool of the thief." Cowardly, because man would not or could not otherwise degrade, enslave, and murder their fellow man. Therefor, "equal rights under the law" means no more or less than the rascality necessary to take an advantage and the cowardly brutality necessary to keep it. This is law; its sole and only purpose.

Life and liberty insures happiness; privilege destroys both. Law is privilege, is license. Life is denied to all those who are denied the equal right to the free use of the means of existence--capital. Only by the use of the means of subsistence is life possibly maintained; and only by the equal rights to its free use is liberty possible. Happiness is the child, and its parents are life and liberty. The slave has life. The freeman possesses both liberty and life. The dependence of one person upon another for permission to work and eat is the foundation upon which the wage-slave system of industry is built. Capital is a law protected institution. It is privileged property. There is no such thing in nature as privilege, chartered rights. This moloch devours nine-tenths of the human race, who feeds its ravenous jaws with their own flesh

Law continued to page 45

We Must Stop Having Fascist Sex, or why get involved in the
DOUBLE CROSS, , "just for a fuck". From IWW Job Branch
Theatre:: Luke Theodore & Ashley Peyton

In the last issue of Bayou La Rose I stated that it was sad to see the Boss go,
that was a joke, on tape it might not have come off that way.

So at this time I take leave to embark upon what a great joy it is to get
the BOSS off our backs, out of our heads. PURGE THE BOSS OUT OF OUR LIFE AND
WORK PLACE!

The employing class and the working class have not one thing in
common. So from this point of view let us define.....

FASCIST SEX.

Men and Women with new fashions on their back, lot's of toys, cars, bikes, boats,
the junk products, not a worthwhile machine that will last for years, extra, extra
bucks for lot's of dates and tricks, plenty of devices for intriguing and mani-
pulating the next pretty face (=fascist beauty) on into the next whiskey bar/
beer bar... for if the boss doesn't have the next pretty boy or girl the boss
will surely die...


here it is from Brecht, and Brecht states:
they will surely die!

We must stop giving our bodies to the BOSS, stop digging the boss!!! Stop
digging his or her way with life and work style at once!

Watch the Boss, this will tell us what not to do, what not to wear,
what drugs not to get involved with and which drugs not to get involved with
around fascist people, what not to look like. The Boss goes from bar to bar,
from motel to motel, from bath house to bath house.....from man to man.....
from woman to woman, endless streams of hot human flesh used like coke
bottles and tossed aside when finished as used, and on to the next pretty face...
young pretty face!

Yes they will surely die, and faster when we stop feeling sad about their passing
and stop playing their fascist sex games which make us weak and does not let us
be content with what we have (what job branch people are making ready for).

These fascist games rob us of our PAX, our beliefs, our meaningful love relation-
ships, the long lasting one's fade and whither under this stress. Outfront
what we people are doing is making ready for the Beautiful Non-Violent Anarchist
Revolution! We embrace struggle, little money, and have few people we can trust
these days, so we have little.

 FOLSOM STREET MACHO

We are on the bottom, you have to be coming
from here to understand that the revolution will
ace out the fascist, which will change history
as we know it. The Boss will woo and coo you
and even fuck you and take money from you,
from your pocket or with wage slavery. Some-
one said I went out on the town with the boss
and had a wonderful time, first class all the
way..... we even had sex! How DUMB you are chump.

That's just the point, how does it feel
when you return to the collective living and
working space after such a number has been
run on you? Things might start to seem drab
and not so exciting as the Disco's, the boss's
pad with porno video large screen and disco
stereo. The boss's parties with the wild theme
of ageism, sexism, dictatorship, racism,

Militarism, and on and on. To some these things might seem like fun, when "he" saw the young man and said, "Look at that big cock", "Look at her tits"- "the boss", the fascist, will train you well and show you a good fascist time, get you fascist drunk and fascist drugged and all at the expense of the blood money the boss takes from the worker, for the motorcycle, cars, stereo, luxury apt, house, extra trips and on and on. Looks good to the chump..... It is by this definition we make known who we are, its just that, where we go, who we go with, who we have sex with. To the chump it is easy to keep going from body to body, rather than develop meaningful relationships with women and men who have made the choice to be men and women, sisters and brothers, rather than thugs, goons and creeps and being just like the boss.

Job Branch People choose to be women and men, sisters and brothers, friends lovers, sharing in an, "open, free love", atmosphere.... Its the reactionaries that keep us from happening because they have no way to free the imagination to discover and invent love, as after the revolution. To many keep love locked in fascist sexual forms, not letting go of it, like any junkie will not let go of the past. We go on killing free love because we do not have the time to get into the struggle with our sisters and brothers. We Anarchists have defined beliefs, visions, destinations, insights, on pre-structural life-styles, full of love and sharing. To build a new society means to change our sexual life styles.

THE QUESTION IS ARE YOU SERIOUS OR JUST PASSING THRU.....? Just another trick or are you a lover, brother, sister? Just where are you coming from is the question. Its hard to tell, because most people are in fashion in the USA, look at the hair.... Just why do so many people around the world dislike the government and many of the people of the USA..... Amerikkka.....

Go to Europe, like the tv ads where Karl Malden gives the advice after we see the turp amerikkan tourist ripped off and left with no bucks.. Karl tells us to get American Express and then go to Europe and get ripped off. However you get ripped off Amerikkkan Tourist. Why are Amerikkans mistrusted? Because all of us have KKK in us and most will not struggle against this. Many choose not to know KKK exists..... Superman! Fuck the Amerikkkan, fuck means peace! Fuck the Jews; Fuck the Arabs; Fuck means peace..... What about a good fuck..... What is a good fuck?

How can we when we have a programmed fascist image in our minds about sexual Partners. That means we perform for this stranger who looks like the need in our wretched minds. All the porno on the stands is there because all porno on SALE in USA/West Europe for sure is ok by the state. This shit backs up the fascist state, church, temple, mosque, family. USA being a death culture, the end result of the approved porno images is death. The sinister S/M now developing in Amerikkka is into "snuff" films, photos, sexual action of people killing, torture, rape for real and is selling like wildfire.... "Snuff" is a police state dehumanized word for killing. In the 60's "wasted" was the dehumanized word for killing another human being.

Fascist drugs and sex are something else for blinding one's feelings and not really know what is happening. That is where the fascist is trying to take us. The revolutionary uses drugs to expand consciousness and to perceive an alternative reality because the existing one stinks and must fall and is falling, and we should kick it in the ass.

We have to struggle against our reactionary fate. Many people from the late 60's who spent a couple of years in the PAX movement tell me they have had it with struggle. They don't want to hear the word struggle..... they grew tired..... But what we found out in the 60's again is that we people

are on the bottom..... cannon fodder, used, exploited, But we almost rocked the cradle in the 60's.

So EST and Aricans, Moonies, and Jesus Freaks came around to clean up again and to train us like the goons and thugs they are, infested with fascist pleasures and tastes. Making us ready for the police state and the next political party in block votes is what EST is doing right now in their wretched minds.

The "ME" first movement is the employing class ownership, management, the boss..... leading the way with advertising, insurance, media, fashion, government, church family, all going yeah yeah yeah.

And we the people get zero'ed out.... So the "ME First" took two jobs, married someone with some money, and got a new big house, car, farm, toys, just like the boss.....So, fascist lifestyle is catching.

So the struggle for the reactionary is over and now they have death, and are stopped in time and space growing old into mass death, but have a nice car they think, a nice apartment, but lonely!

I WILL NOT betray my soul, my heart is aligned with sisters and brothers. In Brooklyn a sister was raped and tried to give them pleasure so they would not hurt her, they did anyway, however it went. So what choice do we have? I drop LSD sometime and try to rediscover love. With a lover is where I go.

The Gay scene is Amerikkka offers no---answers, no alternatives just for the most part a vast mass, hell bent on the next flesh, regardless of what pain this causes anyone. I find the swinging singles the same goons as many gays. While family people like Anita Bryant backed by many churches and most of the government swing out as the model of where its at. I'd rather be a revolutionary alive with the joy of my head working a mile a minute, because we revolutionaries know we do not have a minute to lose. each hour is precious, each day a lifetime. With some of us a lifetime is only a few years with jail time and the mounting deaths and the body piles grow larger each hour. I only have time to make love with human beings; and making love in joy and tears. We love, rap, get high in a protected environment, making it and talking and plotting the revolution while fucking and talking the revolution while we taste each others bodies and cry from sadness and joy. Fascists never cry with each other, fascists can't stand human sadness, it doesn't matter with these people that millions are starving to death at this minute. The fascists can't be sad while they have sex, its gay sex.

The word GAY backs up the bullshit. Gay, the word, is Pagliaccian PAGLIACCI is an opera about a clown with a painted smile always on his face, (Gay), underneath sadness. So the word Gay is Pagliaccian, you smile while you hide the sadness. Most likely this sadness comes from a trick you did not have for the hour or the night or lost a lover to some stranger in the night, your wallet or watch stolen by last nights trick. Not about the children who are going to bed hungry tonight. Many will not wake up and will starve thru the night, the parents have to watch as the child dies in their arms, as life leaves this precious child.

I cry when having sex and joy because I don't have to perform for a stranger who looks like an image in my head. I can only relate to a human being while making love as deeper understanding and pleasure. Sometimes heated rap, while holding each other naked and kissing at the same time keeps me from feeling angry, so the important thoughts can come out. And hold on to each other!!! Cumming is happening when we joy in each other and find that special place to ENTER each others body with mind, heart, soul, cumming and flowing for hours. Tricks can only make hot sex. That's

all they can do while they are young and pretty, after 30-35, no lasting relationships. With no thinking going on in the head, tricks dry up and are farted away like empty used coke bottle. Tossed aside, used, finished. Was fine for an hour or the night. What fascist faggot will pick up a trick over 35-45? If there is money in it, or to fuck over this person. Trick sex detours from collective lifestyles, one night tricks are hot, but for an hour or the night, living with a trick is impossible an any gay or any swinging single will tell you, so they go on from night to night year after year looking for another sex fix, never developing lasting relationships. They can't because tricks are hot sex for the hour, a lover relationship takes work to make it work, reinventing love over and over and as we grow over it is even harder. That's why we must learn to share love with each other; to aid us to live together. We as humankind must UNITE and turn on our brain and feel in our heart, yes to feel. FEEL THE PAIN IN EACH OTHER AND IN THIS WORLD.

THE PHENOMENON OF FASCISM IS THE PHENOMENON OF FEELING NOTHING!

So reactionary, we know you because you come on to almost everyone in fashion, young, without mind, blind for the next trick and kick in line. So make revolution and love; or get fucked, but only until you are 35 or so. After that most likely loneliness, if it is all trick relationships.

Loneliness, ah yes this is the DOUBLE CROSS from a life of
Fascist Sex..... dig it!

Law continued from page 41

and blood. This beast, "the property beast" is what is otherwise known as law and government. Law-statute law-is license, because its sole and only function is to denyt the producer the possession and enjoymen of their products.

Law does not and cannot, in fact, create anything but privileges. Rights exist inherently. Labor, and labor alone, does or can create wealth, and the wealth-creators are poor by virtue of and solely on account of law. Law takes wealth from the producer and bestows it on the non-producer; it curses industry with poverty and blesses idleness with wealth. Law is the mainspring of everlasting contention among men. It creates classes, produces masters and slaves; it is the source of ignorance, disease, crime, war, of every moral, social, and

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physical evil. Law creates and perpetuates poverty; first, by depriving the producers and keeping them poor, and secondly, by preventing the unlimited application of wealth creating forces in steam, electricity and machinery.

Law-statute law- is an insult to our natures, a repression upon human capacity, and the degradation of social effort. Do away with all compulsory statutes; abolish all legislative enactments based upon authority, as a conspiracy against man's ability to co-operate. Liberty calls out individuality, co-operative activity, and offers scope for the highest development of our powers. Cease treating men and women as children. Remove the crutches and society will spontaneously respond to every new demand, and men and women will walk freely and co-operate to secure all that is needful.

PASSIONATE PLEA

for a
black rose #4

* la anna key * keeper of the gift



by
arthur j miller

Sit back my love, and i'll tell you a tale of unreality. i come to you on assorted waves of light and sound, in numerous areas of awareness, i come to you in many manifestations of hope, but most always cloaked in despair. Creating dazzling thoughts in mind, "can i buy you some TIME? i will help reveal the visible/invisible truth about the universal lie, unhindered by your reality of insane normality. May i come into your physical self and touch your mind and heart with illustrations of hope? To help disband your restraints and reinstitute your individuality, and instill in your life a glimmer of hope? But Beware! Hope's symbol has begun to wither. i come upon a half-stopped bus, though irregular shades of colors down to a place of all senses, where all is reversed then self directed and none is folly. Come in my love, come in.

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All is darkness. Deep, thick, overwhelming darkness! Reaching out I can just feel the side of this pit. The pit has been my only experience since the beginning of my awareness of life. At most times all is unyielding darkness, but on a few occasions in time of great mental disorder, I saw light, only a flash to my dismay, but still light. Air passes by me at uneven speed, as further I descend into my pit. At times the speed of my fall seems to increase, it is at these times that I seem to go mad, but the reality of my life's question brings me back under my suppressed control. Where is the bottom? It must exist. It Must! I am not immortal, so it must exist. It is all that I believe in, it is what I live for. But when I hit? What then? Death. The horror of fate trembles me. I can not..., I can not..., I cannot die. Is there something that I do not see? Is there something that I'm not aware of? Oh no this cannot be, there is nothing to see! I'm encased in a morbid tomb, MY pit! Ever in isolation unable to escape. But it is MY pit. MINE! But I'm always alone. Forever alone.



Come my love, come out of there! Come and see the light of natural illumination. Come and see your very life which you are able to develop with your own creativeness any direction you may choose. Come my love, come out of there!

i come to you in all the colors of eternity which i shall reveal before your eyes. Inside the cobwebs of confusion and despair, i shall be your helper in your struggle out of your pit. i shall journey through your being in all forms of mind and matter and across the treacherous paths of emotions. And i'll always be here as long as the treasure that i tend stills lives. Illusions my love, break your illusions.

Distant thoughts invade my mind. I cannot grasp these ideas as they are too quickly viewed on my mental-vision screen, and the replays are never clear and lose much in the second showing.

i can turn my gale force thought waves down, but only for a moment. Contemplate my love on a truth, any truth that you know to be true. Meditate on it until you are sure that it is a truth, then tell me your truth.

A truth? My life is the ultimate truth of my knowledge. This I am sure of, my life is real. What are my proofs of my existence? I'm here. Where did i come from? I was born of two human parents. I am part of the continued evolution of humanity. I have my own place in society. Yes, my life is a truth. That is my answer.

You live your life, my love, in illusions. You were born with an open mind and free emotions. Then hierarchy is forced upon you which closes your mind and suppresses your emotions. You then were indoctrinated with authority's mortality, which forever says "thou shall not!" Why, you would ask. Because I'm your parent, it's the law, God said so, I'm your boss, the party says so (because I'm bigger than you). "Yours is not

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to reason why, yours is to do or die." You were also indoctrinated with authority's history in which you had to memorize their lies. The history they taught you was no more than a justification of their atrocities and robberies, which they the upholders of humanity's most goriest and destructive concept that being the State, have convinced you was done in your interest. Your mind became clouded with the master's fantasies, and your emotions were continuously suppressed and hurt to the extent that you withdrew them and built yourself a pit of illusions. You must cast aside most every thing you have ever learned because your knowledge is fictitious manipulations. Human history since the beginning of so-called civilization has been that of small elite groups of masters conquering the land, and repressing and exploiting all life, including humanity, and wastefully exploiting the land's natural resources. The elite took the land and raped it of its treasures for their own enrichment. The elite continues this until today the earth is in danger of annihilation. The masters think that humanity must rise above nature and use it for their own profit by exploiting it, never do they realize that humanity is part of nature; we can no more break away from nature that we can stop breathing.

Let's look more deeply in to your truth, your life, and your place in society, your job and your little box where you are kept in between performing tasks for your "betters". Truths, TRUTHS, truths, are disassociated from your reality. You cannot, you may not, you shall not, think for your self. Lets us proceed to explore that which will reveal the grimness of your mind, the truth is at first maddening when exposed, but later when more awareness is gained amazement ends.

How did it all happen?

Through many stages of reality and paradoxes in your logic we shall find out what is true and what is not. To help in this realization we must hunt for the victims of Stateism.

With the energy within the earth i stand, and the power of hopes organized manifestation let us experience the sorrow and pain of common life. Come in my love come in.

Why?! Oh the pain within me is greater than anything that could be done to my body. Oh, why? Why?! My child, you were an extension of myself, made of my own life forces. You were so beautiful, but here you lie with your body gored by bullets, unconnecting parts of your body are spread upon my lap, your blood all over me. You were, you were my greatest love. I curse the ones who have done this! Who are they? How do I find those who are really responsible for this senselessness? Wars have been suffered through by all ages; but who are responsible? Ordinary people don't cause wars, they have no reason, but they fight the wars and suffer the holocaust. The big people, the important people who promote the ways of war and create whole cultures to glorify it, even they can't control the systems which create war, it is the systems which control them. I would avenge my child's murder if I could find those responsible for these wars. Curse their damnable existence to the most painful hell imaginable. Who are they? What right do they have to kill! I wish I could find one of them and then, but no! It scares me. Would I then become like them with my own war? More dead babies? Where is the end? How much longer must my suffering go on, how much longer can I endure? I know the answer, but why do I hesitate? What am I holding on to? My child has peace now, no more war. I know the answer.

No my love there is still some hope as long as you live!

No! Not with this pain, not with this murder, not with this realization! No I must find the peace that my child has found. With this weapon, this gun, this ugliness of a fallen fool shall be my key to peace. I join you my child.

Oh my love, tortuous heart that cannot live. Your pain has been felt by millions throughout the thousands of years of humanity's disgust. Is there hope? Yes, there is some, but again it withers more. How much can hope endure, each pain and death it feels because it is a part of the whole of living nature.

If life is truth then why do people seek peace in death? You are right though, life is truth, what is the lie is society. Let's us take another look at truth. Come in, my love, come.

Sixteen years I've been working at this plant and soon it will be over. No, I'm not going to retire, I have what you might call an occupational disease which will terminate my life, which the boss and the government behind him, say does not exist. In better words, I worked my ass off to make a living for my family and to put some away for the future, and in doing that I'm exposed to different things which slowly destroy my body. They, the owners, profit from my sickness and eventual death; do they care? They wouldn't even admit that their plant has been killing me. For sixteen years they have yelled at me, called me every thing under the sun, worked me hard and as fast as they could, and never once did they ever say as much as thanks or anything that would indicate that in their eyes I was a worthwhile human being. My family will get nothing because my disease does not exist. So where has all this work gotten me? I'm in debt for my medical bills and must work until I lose my strength because my family must eat. I guess I shouldn't hate the owners, it happens everywhere, workers are always giving their lives for the job. I think I'll be glad when it's over; the pain in my chest and I'm always losing my breath and sometimes it is so hard to get it back, even at the best of times breathing is a chore. I'm not mad no more, I just want to give up.

My love why is it that you have lived? Lived to die and what has there been in between? Most of your life is working for your masters and recuperating from your toil. When was there time to enjoy yourself and your loved ones? Who are you? What makes you different?

You are an individual with individual talents and desires, these things have been robbed from you by the slavery of your job. How do the children fare? Come in, my love, come in.

Look I didn't ask to be born. Do this, do that, don't do that or that or that. What have I gotten out of life? A fat lip when I didn't move fast enough. My Mother spends the day cleaning house, cooking food, being bored with monotony, being depressed about her slavery to my father, worrying about how to please my father, and telling me what to do. She is so uptight that all I get is abuse. She hates and loves me, but the bad outweighs the good. The only time she seems joyful is when engaged in one of her gossip sessions in which she is tranquilized on stories of other people's misery. My father, I don't see him much, he comes home from work tired and grouchy at being bossed all day. Mother always tells me to stay out of his way. If I have done something that my mother says is wrong she then tells him so he can deal with me while he is nice and mean. I sometimes think she does this so he can take out his rage on me and not her. He takes a shower and sits down in front the tv and yells at my mother to bring him his first beer. My mother then gets dinner together and we eat, which the two of them use as an opportunity to argue, mostly about money. After dinner mother washes the dishes and watches tv. SO WHAT! SO MUCH FOR LIFE! They pick on me because I'm little, but just wait. I'll be big some day. Everybody finds someone to step on, I think I'll kick the dog.

My children what is it that you are doomed to? Your life should be a joyful time of learning experiences and play, but the adult's world of stress, domination, and unhappiness will not let you enjoy being a child. You are always under obligation to do things, be places, sit still and be quiet, this builds up frustrations later taken out on someone or something smaller. Big people must at sometime realize that little people are not their slaves under their care. It is a heinous crime to steal the childhood of the children. Let us next look at where you dwell. Come in my love, come in.

Concrete sides and concrete bottoms, and concrete all around. Pound the pavement with creaking bones sore muscles and painful feet. Every thing is squeezed in to squares and made into boxes. Do not think human, do

not think nature, think *MODERN ARCHITECTURE!* Overcrowded confusion always bumping in to someone's else's space, bright electric lights in synthetic colors, numbing the mind. Noise of cars, planes, and trains, a whole life-style of jackhammer consciousness. Far-out man, heavy metal, blow your horn, make someone uptight, I'm only doing my thing man, don't look them in the eyes. My battery is gone, someone is coming through my window. Authority's thugs prowling through the streets like sharks in the oceans hunting for victims. Little squares sanctuaries to escape the outside, used to sleep and eat in paranoid confinement. So many people around but no one to help. And again the noise, and more noise, always noise, the mind gets no rest. What is that foul smell? It's our air. Pollution, bullying, and loneliness, what is this creation? It's my kind of town, this is my kind of town, be proud of your city! Be proud of your coffin. It's great! It's progress! It's a foul death deserved of no one. But there must be escape! Where to run? But run I must, reality is not to be seen, run, run away. Turn on the idiot box!

Oh my love that is no way to live. Cities are massive concentrations of slave shops and slaves quarters, meant to get the most out of the slaves at the least cost. Cities are massive cancer growths which choke off the life of the plant. Oh my love, these places are poisonous prisons designed to keep you in your place, with no avenue of escape to the land.

Do you see the lie yet? Do you not see the path of annihilation? Abandon these massive dehumanizing centers of authoritarian life. Decentralize your life and form cooperative unions.

Life in the city is hard and cruel, here we shall look at one of its many horrors. Come in, my love, come in.

I dread the times when my husband works late. I can't say I miss him, or even love him when you come down to it, but I feel safe when he's here. I have had a feeling for awhile that someone has been watching the house, waiting until the time is right. I feel a captive of this house and

I do not go out much without my husband. When I do go out alone I try to cover myself in a manner that will hide the fact that I am a woman. My husband wants me to look nice so he can show me off. Neither role of dress do I like, with one I'm hiding, with the other I'm made up uncomfortably like some child's doll. Neither is what I really am, but I learned long ago that no one wants to see me for what I am. I should look out the window, I feel someone out there prowling around. What if they're at the window? When will my husband get home! Damn Him!

I hear a car pull up into the driveway it should be him. The door opens, it is him, he's been drinking too.

Darling put something sexy on, we are going out to a party for the boss, and I want you to look your best.

I say nothing, but I curse him in my mind. So again I go through the routine of painting my face and torture my hair with chemical spray. Why do I do this? He gives me nothing but a vague resemblance of security. What would I do out in the world alone? Is this life worth it? It does not have to be this way, we could escape. My husband is also a victim of stress, he must try to live up to what he thinks society expects of him. He is always worrying about this or that, he won't let me help because he says it is his responsibility. I do not see how he can live the way he does. What he does is he takes it out on me, he does not mean to but how can he avoid it with the way he lives. Always worried about those above him and stepping on those under him. We can get away, just go, but this will never happen, he's too attached to his role. My costume is put together so I guess I'll slip into a phony sweetness role.

"Darling will you fix me an alka-seltzer? My head has been killing me all afternoon, and all those drinks after work didn't help much.

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We are out, we can pick up some while we are out.

Why don't you run down to the store and get some. I'll rest while you're gone, it's been a hard day.

It's night! I don't want to go out at night alone. I've had a feeling, well more than a feeling, it's like something I know, there's someone out there. Please understand, I know that someone has been watching this house. Please let's get them on the way to the party.

WHAT
Oh come on now! That is this, I work hard all day to support you and you can't even walk a few blocks to the store for me. Go on and go to the store and forget your silly fears. Go on! Get out of here!

Well, here I go again. He says jump and I jump. It's always the same I jump. Only a few blocks he says it's more like five.

Hey lady! You got some change for the bus?

A chill runs through me then I turn with apprehension, "No, please leave me alone." Oh my god, he's got a gun. I knew it would happen, but no it can't be happening, this is me, not some other person out of a newspaper, this is my life. I follow the motion of the gun and go behind an abandoned house, he kicks in the back door and pushes me inside. Such horrified brutality, such hatred. It is my fears realized. Vile and vicious women hatred, STOP!...

Lady! Hey, lady, what happen here? I'm a policeman. Hey lady, can you hear me. We're here to help you. Someone heard you screaming and called us. Can you hear me lady, can you hear me lady, can you hear me lady, can you, can you...

Yes! I can hear you. Please, please, don't you understand, it couldn't happen to me. Oh but it did, it did, don't you understand! Do I have to scream my sorrow for all to hear? I've been raped. Please do not bother me now, leave me alone. I need to be with no one, I need to come apart and cry for an eternity. I need to grasp reality and see what is left and what has happened. But you do not understand, you could not, just leave me alone.

You must go to the hospital then talk to us. We know what's best for you and we want to help you. Here let me help you to the patrol car.

No! Don't touch me. You frighten me, you're a man. I walked out of the house and got in to the police car. At this time I get a chance to look at this MAN law enforcer as he stands waiting for another police car which is just pulling up. Where was he? Why was this protector of society not protecting me? He stands there like he's bored, this is just a routine occurrence, during a routine night, in a routine life. He looks like he enjoys handling his gun.

There are now two policeMen and they both get in to the front of the car. Then they begin their questions, and more questions their words run through my mind I can't pull them altogether. Who I am? Where was I? Where do I belong? What do I do? And why do you do it? Where was it? Did it really happen? What size am I? What color am I? What religion? What am I? Am I? A number, a form, a scribble on a paper, a line on a chart, what am I?

Lady do you always go to the store dressed like that? Don't you think you were kind of asking for it? I mean if I saw you walking down the street dressed like that I would have to hold myself back. You're not a hooker are you? I can easy see it, the guy wouldn't pay and you yelled rape. It does happen you know.

Hours of senseless formalities and abuses, "we're only doing our job" they say. I'm
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a person, a living breathing, feeling woman who has been violated not only by a rapist, but also by society. They have shamed me to the point that I do not know if I can ever face another human again. It hasn't been much of a life even before this, but now add to it terror and shame, I do not know if I can cope. When ever I go out people will look at me and say "that's the woman". Is there any hope?

Come my love, there is still hope to be looked upon. It can be revealed to you, but hope is not an easy thing, it must be struggled for. Hope is freedom.

All of your victimizers were also victims who used you as a continuation of hierarchical oppression. In class or hierarchical society all people fight for power over others and many times this comes out as violent force.

The Man you married, he is burdened with thinking that he must be the provider, and protector of the family. He can not fill both of these roles. As a provider he's a wage slave to a hostile boss and since he cannot cope with his job, when he gets home he takes it out on you. As provider he must see that every thing is okay on all fronts and solve all unsolvable problems. And as chief decision-maker he must have all the answers. He cannot be all things in himself and he looks for answers but all he found was alcohol. His life is in constant competition in his social and economic class existence. That is one reason he needs you, so you put that ridiculous costume on and he uses your made-up body to help his status-seeking ego. In most things there is a balance, the more one fears reality the more one extends their ego. A strong ego is backed with strong fear. Individuality is not the promotion of one's self but instead an exploration of the unknown qualities which is the individual's alone, and it is needed to be let loose, free to discover and be used. How can this man live within this space allowed him, with his illusionary responsibilities? He cannot, so he drowns his reality in beer.

The rapist, a sick and ugly society will produce sick and ugly people. The supreme power that an ignorant man feels is the power over a woman. There is hope in under-

standing and in liberating the disenchanted, there is power in numbers, direct confrontation, love and freedom but most importantly cooperative defense.

The police were no more than very insecure wage slave thugs, doing their master's bidding.

Then there is the city, battling lives on asphalt earth. Extending with metal monsters of slave construction vomiting poisons which invade your body. Working as wage slaves where all is occupational death, slaving in cities of massive diseased growth of black top, concrete and slime. Humans congregated in little square components of living space.

No, there are none who come out healthy. For none is superior, only illusions make them think so. Let's see more, come in my love, come in.

In the agony of loneliness my life proceeds with only a little hope in the future. I'm young, things will get better, just you wait and see. But is this hope in the future just imaginary to tranquilize myself into doing nothing about my life right now. It will all work out in the end. Have faith in the wise, important people, they will not let me down, they say they are thinking in my best interest so they say looking out for my future. Lies, lies, all lies, for the specter of doom is before us all, there is only hope in today, but I'm engaged.

About a 1/4 of a mile outside my window there are four old oak trees in which this time of year scores of birds congregate. It is springtime and my oak trees are gorgeous with their new leaves displayed in the sun. It's been a very hard winter, with the only consolation being some magnificent snow storms which I was able to see from my window. My oaks keep me company through the long hours in my lonely existence. But my window, I hate with deepest of my emotions, for my window has bars upon it.

In prison, like many other places, for survival of one's sanity, you need to develop two identities and consciousness levels. One being the outerself, which deals with the reality of confinement, the other is the innerself, which maps out new worlds and ideal situations. This identity we keep locked up in the safety of our thoughts.

And what is the reality of prison? Confine-

ment, harassment, where sex is brutal and violence is always the order of the day. The food just barely qualifies in the definition of edible, and sometimes I wonder if this slop can be even defined as food at its lowest standard.

One day I'll get out of here, but then what? I'll get out with very little money, no skill, no home, no nothing. I'll hit the streets at zero, with the law looking to put me back in prison. In this environment I must survive without breaking any of their rules. My chances? Oh well, what the hell, why not hope or why hope it does not matter either way.

Oh my love it does make a difference, for even four walls of despairity can be cracked by hope's realization. There're alternatives that can be developed, but to do so entails risks of repression.

I'm dazed and dismayed by the foolishness of humanities' so-called justice systems. Where vengeance is the solution and victims are victimized. It is all a game, where the players are controlled by the farcity of authority, where few realize that there is a better way, there is a door partly open for your escape.

Open your eyes, and open your ears, then scream out for that which is missing, and scream out again for the deeply-rooted pains imbedded in your heart. The suffering has been long and its intensity seems always increasing.

Come in my love, come in.

The old man in the hotel. That's who I am, just the old man in the hotel. No one knows my name, no one cares to. I don't go out much, not much to see, the winos lying in the street, somebody with their head smashed open from being rolled. Why go out? Why take the chance that it is you who is lying there half dead or maybe, if one's lucky enough, completely dead. My food comes from a store down the street which sends a boy once a week with it. All I have to do is call them up and they send what I want and once a month when my check comes in I pay my bill. The first of the month

is a fearful time for me, that's when I get my check in the mail and I must take it to the bank, from there to the store, then home. All that way without getting mugged. But at night, oh let me tell you, this is the time of my worst fears because it is then that they try to break in to my room. The day time is my time of rest. They know I'm old and weak, and that I get, like most old people, a check once a month, on the first, and that's when they strike. The police don't care about an old man in a hotel, nobody does, thus I live in fear. Oh well, I'm just waiting to die anyway. Where is my bottle of tokay?

Oh my love, illusions you are fated to follow to the end. My love, misfortune has found you old, but what is wrong with your age? You are old, that is a fact, but you are still useful, you're still needed, you are still a feeling, thinking human. But no one sees this because they can not see society revealed for they are still blinded by authority.

I worked hard to give my child birth. For a combination of reasons and my doctor's advice, I had a cesarian. I still remember the pain, but my child was worth it. Raising my child was hard because there was not much money and a lot of moving around. But even so we developed a bond of love so strong that nothing could ever break it. Bad times lead to trouble and the authorities took my child away from me, and placed my child in what they called a better home. You cannot live at the bottom of the heap and not break some of their rules sometimes. The struggle for survival and the harshness of human society will breed despair and fast methods of improvement. I do not want to be poor, I have tried to find good paying work, but I'm a woman stuck in dead-end table-waiting jobs, good jobs go to good people and I guess I'm no good because they never hire me. Still I love my child and my child should be with me. But no, the good people say I'm not worthy of my child. Damn them, I don't mind working hard, just give me the work to support my child! I know you don't owe me a living. If I could I'd work the land for my living, there my child

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could learn to help grow the food which is eaten by us. See an animal born, feed the fowl, ride the horse, all the things my child could learn, much more useful and creative than to learn to count money. It's insane! I cannot have this because to them my love, my life, my dreams are not in the best interest of my child. Thus I swear I will not give up my fight.

Struggle my love, resist acceptance of their self-righteously imposed fate, which is in the best interest of none of the living, but only of the illusions of authority. It's a lie! Their whole system of moral judgments, of bitter old rich white men who proclaim vengeful asinine conclusions. Your society is judged by naive fools who are barely functional humans, and are truly withdrawn from the reality of survival and nature. Your world enforces so-called moral values that it has long ago forgotten why they exist in the first place. The upholders of your society's morals are always yelling "there is a break down of morality, sinners are running rampant, crime and violence every where, chaos is breeding, anarchy is before us. Repent, and subject yourself to our doctrine and then you will be saved."

Your society has developed, in the name of order, massive death weapons of annihilation. Your society has produced, in the name of growth, massive concrete tombs for millions to exist in as slaves of the rich. Your society has developed, in the name of progress, non-renewable energy, produced in plants generating potential death for near-endless generations. Your society has developed in the name of order, armed thugs enforcing the commands of the rich robber elite. Your society has produced, in the name of growth, environmental crises like death smogs, acid rains, altered climate conditions which cause droughts and killer storms, and the melting of the ice caps caused by the concentration of huge concrete city-prisons. Your society has produced in the name of progress, chemical hazards which you eat, smoke, bath in, clothe in, and live with always. Death is your environment.

You! Your world! Your way of life, your people, friends, loved ones, your land, your air, your fellow animals and plant

life, all that you know is on the brink
of HOLOCAUST!

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

What right have they! This is my life,
they have no right over it, it's mine!
What right have they to destroy my world?
What right have they to poison my air, my
water, and my land? They have none. I live
on this planet the earth, along with other
animals, and together it is our world. How
can a small group of people who wish to
divorce themselves from nature have the power
to destroy our World? They have no right,
not with my life they don't, not with our
lives they don't, not with OUR World they
don't!

My head reels in dizziness of confusion
and doubt. The strain on my mind is to great

it has dimmed it's ability to perceive
and has no strength left to resist. I fall
into darkness and once more I feel myself
desending in disillusionment. I don't want
to learn the answer! I wish to remain ignor-
ant of my fate. But fear, fear, cold shreik-
ing fear crawls up my spine and overcomes
me in its chilly grasp. I'm at a time of
contradictions and revealments and thus
truth is terrifying.

Spinning downward in my own illusion I
begin to feel the answer to my life's dreadful
question, "where is the bottom". I feel it
will soon reveal itself.

Way below me I begin to see something,
there is some sort of light, I cannot make
it out. Wait a minute I think I can make
out what it is, no, no it can't be. How
could it be? I don't understand, where did
this come from, it does not register in my
reality. But it is, it has to be, I can see
it more clearly now. But why? Why an eye?!
An eye, it makes no sense to me. As closer
I come to it the more my body shakes with
fear, more flashes of truth from pesty real-
ity. I'm being rushed by feelings of guilt
and sorrow, regret at unachievement bewild-
ers me. But still it's an eye, red in sorrow,
and vengeful in its glare. I cannot face it,
I cannot, I will not believe in what I see.
But it cannot be, it just cannot be the
truth! The eye. Now I understand, the Eye
is the bottom! I am the bottom. I am the
answer. I could have changed things.

My gift revealed, my love, is hope in
all living things and of the land, from
which all things come, and return to.
Death is not absolute endness, but it is
regeneration. With new life there is always
a chance that the earth may be nursed back
to health. There is power to eliminate and
there is something to change to. There is
an alternative to holocaust. And it is
freedom. Anarchy.

Anarchy is not chaos, chaos is the mal-
functioning of the State. Anarchy is order,
anarchy is balance, anarchy is the natural
order and balance of nature. Anarchy is
mutual aid directed by free association.
Anarchy is the end result of the existence
of free animalhood on the land as a part



of the earth. Anarchy is cooperation in
fulfillment of needs. Anarchy is the workers
free to use their tools for the benefit of
all. Anarchy is the elimination of useless,
exploitive and harmful work. Anarchy is
your individuality developed unsuppressed
by authorities imposed roles within it's
structure of hierarchy, patriarchy, and
the nuclear family. Anarchy is love of all
living things, and the wanting to help when
needed. Anarchy is the well being of all.

Oh my people, if you only knew how easy
you could bring about the freedom of our
world. The answer to why the world is the
way it is, in chaos and crisis, in domination
and violence, is you. You allow it to happen.

I have cried tears of sorrow when I think
about how you allow yourselves to be enslaved.
Oh my people, my love, my pain, listen to
me! If you would only cease your allegiance
to all authorities over your life and join
together with other freed people and organ-
ize your real needs, and dump all your
masters off your back. Through the realiza-
tion of social revolution and the power of
the social general strike, the people can
expropriate their needs and begin

Enemy continued From Page 14

31. With 23 hours to go, large animals of the tertiary period, such as the woolly mammoth, began roaming the earth. Then, at about 2 hours to midnight, or one to two million years ago, the first human being began searching for a mate.

As we ring in the new year, there are nearly 4 billion of us, and here are some of the imprints we've made in the final milliseconds of Earth history:

In 1882, land classified either as desert or wasteland amounted to 9.4% of the total land on earth: by 1952 it had risen to 23.3%. During this same 70 year period, land classified as carrying inaccessible forest decreased from 43.9% to 21.1%.

In 25 years, the world population will double, and if we continue exploiting the planet as we are, total ecological demand will increase by a factor of six.

The deadly radioactive waste from nuclear power systems will remain on earth five times as long into the future as recorded history goes into the past.

Of one-half million chemicals in use today, only 6,000 have been tested as possible cancer-producing agents. Of that 6,000, ONE THOUSAND have proved positive, and cancer researchers warn that even those tests were insufficiently conducted.

Despite the enormously increased use of chemical pesticides, the percentage of crop

PASSIONATE PLEA CONTINUED

nursing the earth back to health. The working class has the ability to stop all production, transportation, and all services to the masters and the workers can use their labor for a needy world, instead of for a greedy master class. You have the power. It is up to you to use it.

i leave you ensnared in maddening realities, departing on my half-stopped bus. i sail through all of your fantasies and realizations down to the point where your mind opens to what can be. i go now to tend my gift.

And my gift is real my love, a rose, a black rose, instilling itself into the fibers of your body. For the Black Rose is hope. My gift my love, my gift revealed, my gift is anarchy, the Black Rose of Anarchy. page 54

losses in the U.S. to insects has remained the same for more than 20 years. In 1948, USDA figures showed that insect-related crop loss amounted to approximately 10% per year. Using current USDA figures again in 1969, George Borgstrom calculated annual field losses at slightly more than 10% of total production.

As early as 1985, a U.S. Geological Survey suggests, new construction in this country could grind to a halt due to a lack of resources.

Each year an estimated 80 million acres are lost to cultivation because of spreading cities and land erosion.

We now spend \$200 BILLION annually on armaments - that's \$22,838,000 AN HOUR - to "protect" ourselves from ourselves.

The most tragic fact of our present predicament is that the planet would have, or could have had, infinite resources for all its various life forms if we humans could only learn to live off the flow of the earth's production rather than off the source ... if we would take from the system each year only that amount which could be replaced by nature in a year; if we'd stop slaughtering the goose that lays the golden egg and be content with eating the egg!

Written for: MONDCSVITANO, A project of the American Friends Service Committee, P.O. Box 1791, High Point, NC 27261.

KAMALLA CONTINUED PAGE 5 Financial Statment - New Orleans

Income from Feb. to April 15

Donations: R. Jones, \$3.26. George La Forest, \$10.00. Nancy and Steven Kellerman, \$100.00. Tom Wetzel for the Syndicalist Alliance, \$10.00. Dan/Ann Pless, \$20.00. Libertarian Humanist Assoc., \$32.00. Bruce Allen, \$12.00. Thomas McCammon, \$75.00. Rita, \$5.00. Leslie Fish, \$1.00. R. Semel, \$5.00. Lina Robbin, \$2.00. Marvin Manning, \$2.00. Tim Acott, \$20.00. Arthur J. Miller, \$40.00 for payment of loan. Louis Prisco, \$10.00. William Miller for NorthWest IWW, \$48.00. Tol. \$355.26. Expenses, Printing, \$71.56. Postage \$45.50. To Kamalla, \$478.00 Tol. \$495.06. The difference is made up out of my pocket. Also, this does not include other money i have put into this.



Publications Received

THE NORTH AMERICAN ANARCHIST, published by the ANARCHIST-COMMUNIST FEDERATION OF NORTH AMERICA (ACF-NA), subscription rate \$5 for a year, POB 2, Station O, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, M4B 2B0

CIENFUEGOS PRESS ANARCHIST REVIEW and PUBLICATIONS, subscription rate \$20.00 or \$100.00 for life subscription. This gives you every thing they print. And BLACK FLAG, Organ of the Anarchist Black Cross, subscription rate \$14.50 (airmail) Address: Over-the-Water, Sanday, Orkney, KW17 2BL U.K.

FLASHPOINT, a Libertarian Socialist News-journal, subscription rate \$4 for 12 issues, Box 7702, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada

FREEDOM, anarchist fortnightly, subscription rate \$12.00 for a year. 84b Whitechapel High st. London E.1, England

A BATALHA, Journal of Anarcho-Syndicalism, Organ of the C.G.T., Apartado 5085 - 1702 - Lisboa - Codex, Portugal

H.A.P.O.T.O.C. NEWSLETTER, PO Box 10638, Amsterdam, Holland

EMANCIPATION, published by the Anarchist Association of the Americas, subscription rate \$5.50 a year, PO Box 840, Benjamin Franklin Station, Washington, D.C. 20044

ON THE LINE, PUBLISHED by the Libertarian Workers Group, \$1.00 for 6 issues, PO Box 6 692, Old Chelsea Station, NY, NY 10011

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THE STORM! A JOURNAL FOR FREE SPIRITS, \$2.00 for 4 issues, Apt. 2E 227 Columbus Ave. NY, NY 10023

INDUSTRIAL WORKER, OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD, \$4.00 for a year, NEW ADDRESS, 3435 North Sheffield, Suite 202, Chicago, Illinois, 60657

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OZARK FEMINIST, \$5.00 for a year, PO Box 1545, Fayetteville, AR 72701

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NEW YORK IWW NEWSLETTER, Mitchell Miller, 287 Passaic Ave., Passaic, NJ 07055



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